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News of the Week

THE Treaty of Renunciation of War, or Kellogg Pact, was signed with due ceremony at the Quai d'Orsay on Monday by representatives of fifteen leading nations of the world, including Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State and the Empire of India. It is the subject of our first leading article, but let us say here that the best illustration we can give of the cordial feeling that prevailed was the warm and friendly welcome given to Herr Stresemann wherever he was met in Paris, whose citizens did themselves great credit thereby. It was most remarkable and of the happiest augury. Greatly as the German Foreign Minister has been helped by the British and French Foreign Ministers and others to whom he would be the first to acknowledge his debt, no smaller man than Herr Stresemann could have surmounted all the difficulties that he has met, both at home and abroad, or reached the position that he now holds in Europe.

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M. Briand's speech on Monday was worthy of the occasion. He was duly complimentary to the United States, and Mr. Kellogg. His meed of praise to Herr Stresemann was excellently chosen, and he spoke with real feeling of Sir Austen Chamberlain. He referred to the Locarno Treaties and the last declaration of the League of Nations against war, and said that the Pact offered to the League a "kind of general reinsurance," a modest description of a great work which is in so great a degree due to himself. He did not refrain from admitting the implied derogation of the complete sovereignty of nations. We are glad that he spoke thus, because it is true that the theoretical right (implying, of course, no moral right) of a sovereign State to make war has been accepted, dumbly or otherwise, through the ages. But the divine right to do wrong handed on in blasphemous theory from autocrats to constitutional governments has been jettisoned. International law has never been able to meet the difficulty to the satisfaction of the world's conscience. The Great War and the League of Nations have aroused and strengthened that conscience. This voluntary renunciation of the sovereign right to make war is the result, and only by voluntary renunciation could it be achieved. M. Briand's words should make the world realize the achievement.

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The Pact is now open to other nations of the world to sign. Eight of them had done so on Wednesday, and many others are hastening to follow their example. We must not be discouraged by the small objections and the criticisms which are sure to arise. The stage of civilization reached by one nation may be cast in its teeth. The stability or representative character of another's Government may be questioned. Certainly the good faith of Russia, if her rulers accept the invitation to sign, will be doubted in many quarters. The Muscovite leaders have only themselves to thank for that. In our opinion this should be no bar to her signing, because we wish to see Russia in contact with honest company for her own good. But Moscow's cynicism will become intolerable once more if the men, who as a Government sign their vow not to make war, continue to try to subvert the co-signatory Governments, professing to act in another capacity than that of a Government. Only during the last few days we have had a fresh intimation of their malicious work in India, where stronger measures have had to be introduced to counteract their evil anti-British and anti-Indian machinations.

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The only jarring note in the whole of the proceedings was introduced from outside by the outrageous intrusion of some fanatical women who showed no respect for peace of any kind. We fear that there were one or two British among them. Apparently they wished to advertise their feminist views by a disorderly demand that the assembled statesmen should sit down again and draft and sign at Rambouillet another international "treaty" for the equal rights of women with men. The French authorities fortunately make short work of such exhibitions of folly.

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Governor Smith last week followed Mr. Hoover to the stage in the Presidential election known as "making his acceptance speech." We have dealt with this in a leading article. We admire the courage with which he declared his desire to see amendments to the XVIIIth Amendment to the Constitution and to the Volstead Act.

His words, "I believe in reverence for the Law," sound to us as a platitude: to his fellow citizens they will sound either as an encouragement to right thinking or as a threat to the wrong-doer, and to all as an intimation that he wishes to see harmony between Law and public opinion. He steered skilfully between the rocks of condemning the Monroe Doctrine and approving the Republican interpretation of it in Mexico and Nicaragua.

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That former pillar of the Republican Party, often mentioned as a possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Dr. Murray Butler of Columbia University, has cast a stone at Mr. Hoover with some violence. He said nothing about supporting Governor Smith, but in a letter to the Press he has condemned very forcibly the policy stated in Mr. Hoover's speech on these two points, armaments, where he sees utter inconsistency with the Kellogg Treaty, and secondly, Prohibition, in which he sees the violation of every principle of sound law-making and its enforcement. The letter certainly adds to the gaiety of the election for the unconcerned outsider.

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The more successfully the nations eliminate war as the final instrument for settling their disputes or their problems for which no other solution has in the past been found, the more urgent is it to find the substitute for the discarded instrument and to be sure that Governments should both encourage all work in the sphere of International Law and agree upon conclusions reached. The International Law Association assembled in Warsaw last week, and representatives of twenty-two countries were there. From Great Britain went Lord Phillimore, Sir George Macdonogh, Mr. Roland Vaughan-Williams and, not the least important, Dr. Bellot, who was not only one of our keenest students of International Law, but the active secretary here of the Association. We greatly regret that he died suddenly at his work in Warsaw. The Association discussed the position of the civil population of an invaded country and also the liabilities under contracts running at the outbreak of war between subjects of belligerent States. Thus they showed that they are determined that if war is to die, it shall die as no "outlaw," but in the full odour of legality.

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Another section discussed shipping contracts and formulated a new set of "Warsaw rules" to be added to the old "York-Antwerp rules." The law of extradition was another important subject. It was resolved to stick to the British principle that there should be no extradition for purely political offences, but that there should be extradition for other crimes though committed with political motives. The old question of codification seems to be passing entirely into the hands of the League of Nations. The claims of nations to territorial sovereignty *usque ad caelum*, on which flying has made it necessary for law to be clear, were upheld. Another curious point was due to the advance of science. There is no law to deal with international publication of libel by radio. The Conference agreed that such defamatory libels should be treated as though they were written libels and not as oral slander. Later on in last week the Institute of International Law began its Congress at Stockholm.

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Another conference has been held at Berlin after twenty years of absence which should help international understanding, especially in showing backward nations how their more fortunate neighbours are governed or govern themselves. This was the Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Naturally disgruntled Parliamentarians, including those who have genuine grievances, use the Conference to air their own domestic troubles. A nice question was raised by the Croats, whether they should represent the Yugo-Slav Skupstina which they themselves disowned and declared unworthy to have any official representation. However, the committee of the Union decided to accept the official delegation. Mr. de Valera used the occasion for making wild charges against Great Britain and the Treaty "forced upon" Southern Ireland in 1921. More serious was the action of the Egyptian delegation. Parliamentarians must sympathize with members of an arbitrarily closed assembly, but the speaker's appeal was for sympathy with Egypt against Great Britain. Sir Arthur Shirley Benn seems to have treated this unjustifiable action with tact. He spoke, but pointed out that the British delegation in no sense officially represented His Majesty's Government, which was engaged in negotiations with the Egyptian Government on several delicate matters, and had so far gained the approval of other Powers, and of public opinion generally.

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The Egyptians succeeded in getting support for a protest against the suppression of Parliamentary Government, and their King and his Ministers will doubtless hear of it. The German Chancellor made an excellent speech of warm welcome and of hope that all future international difficulties should be discussed, as are domestic Parliamentary differences, "in the arena of intellectual conflicts." Another speaker, referring to the losses of the Union by death, coupled two names that go oddly together if their owners' lives are compared, Sir James Agg-Gardner and M. Stephen Raditch. Dr. David, formerly Reichs Minister for the Interior, put forward the unanswerable plea that the disarmament of Germany was to be the first step towards a general disarmament which has failed to follow. From these conferences Europe will now pass to the Council Meeting of the League.

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The League will again have to struggle with the deadlock between Poland and Lithuania. The Polish delegation will be a strong one headed by the Foreign Minister. We have said many times that Poland seized Vilna wrongly and that, if her aims have been justified, her methods certainly have not. There was no excuse for General Zeligowski's action nor for the encouragement that he undoubtedly had from Warsaw. But it is impossible after the years that have passed to say that the matter ends there. M. Valdamaras alienates all sympathy from his country by his stubbornness which he does not abate one jot. This is not good policy on his part, nor does it show good faith after promising at Geneva to make concessions to the general opinions. He has certainly not carried them out in the spirit, though according to the letter he has ended the state of war with Poland.

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The Constituent Assembly of Albania has offered the Crown to the high-born Moslem, Ahmed Beg Zogu, who has ruled the country since he put Monseigneur Fan Noli to flight. He will probably be proclaimed as Mpret (Imperator) on Saturday with the name of Skanderbeg III, recalling the Christian national hero of the days of Mahommed II. He is young, active, and masterful, qualities needed for the post. He was educated in Constantinople, and was an impressionable boy when his country was freed from the Turks by the Balkan Wars and overrun by Serbian troops. Naturally he has little affection for Turks or Serbs. No less naturally he looks to Italy for support as Bishop Fan Noli did. It is safe

to say that he will cut a very different figure from that of the last king, the unfortunate Prince Wilhelm von Wied, who, whatever his real nature or character, could only look silly when thrust into that picture. One chiefly remembers him through a cartoon in *Punch* over the words, "Mpret? M-praps!" Yet someone has been foolish enough to advise him to remind us of his claim.

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Though the majority of the population is said to be Moslem, it will come as something of a shock to some people to find a Moslem monarchy established in Europe, and not even on its Eastern bounds. So far, we know of no reason to fear that the Christian minority will suffer, but the political fight between Ahmed Beg Zogu and Bishop Fan Noli certainly had its religious causes and effects, and the tolerance of both sides will be severely tested. An ill-treated minority will naturally turn to outside neighbours, who may be willing to take up a cause from sympathy or to gain ends of their own. Yugo-Slavia, however much annoyed or tempted, can hardly look just now beyond her own domestic distractions. No doubt she feels that Italy has taken advantage of them to steal a march in Albania. Italy is powerful and active there. She has an even greater responsibility in Albania than in Croatia and Dalmatia, where her duty is more negative. She found Bishop Fan Noli an unsatisfactory ruler and unable to carry internal reforms. Plainly, it will be more satisfactory to her to look across the Adriatic to a permanent monarchy than to transient Presidents, servants of political parties. Whether she will find Ahmed Beg Zogu a tractable ruler, we shall soon see. He is likely to understand his people and their wishes better than any Italian could, and he certainly does not give the impression that he would consent to be the tool of anyone else.

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There is, as yet, no sign in China of the Nationalist Government at Nanking being able to carry out any reforms. The so-called branch councils still exist in the provinces. Taxation is still rapaciously collected by military force and is unaccounted for. Armies are not disbanded. Manchuria remains under the threats of Mongolian troops. General Feng Yu-hsiang left Nanking suddenly last week. There are rumours of a revolt against his authority elsewhere. We cannot suppose that he found the new capital congenial. It has been suggested that the establishment of the capital of China at Nanking was really arranged in order that Feng, whose authority at Peking there was no means of disputing, should not find himself the master in a ready-made capital. The naturally conservative instincts of the Chinese support the view that such a departure had behind it some such very practical motive. Feng is not likely to let his Council there cease to exist. The Nanking Government in answer to the last stiff Note from Tokyo refuses to admit that the old Treaty automatically remains valid for ten years more. Otherwise, upon the enforcement of new regulations at once, their Note is a soft answer. Considerations in Manchuria and elsewhere will probably decide whether it turns away Japanese wrath.

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No public announcement has yet been made of the terms of the Anglo-French "compromise" over the preliminaries for another Conference on Naval Limitation. Apparently the terms have been communicated to the Japanese Government, who, as we do not forget, were extremely helpful and reasonable throughout the unsuccessful Conference at Geneva. They are said to approve of the terms as offering good hope for agreement. Some mischievous person sent to a New York paper at the end of last week a clumsy forgery which purported to be a letter from Sir Austen Chamberlain to M. Briand making arrangements for naval plans which would be offensive to the United States. The New York editor was not clever enough to detect the falseness of the letter, but the denials have been so prompt and complete that little harm has followed.

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The British submarine L55 was raised in Russian waters from the bed of the Baltic where she has lain for nine years. Naturally it has been desired to bring the remains of the crew to this country. It is not a matter on which wrangling is seemly, nor one in which a generous sympathy might not be hoped for. It has, however, been with some difficulty that arrangements have been made for a merchant vessel to approach the Russian coast to take the coffins on board and outside Russian waters to tranship them to a man-of-war. This is plainly the kind of vessel which should bear home the remains of sailors of His Majesty's Navy who died at their duty, whatever may be thought of the policy which sent them into those waters. The brotherhood of the sea generally arouses the best emotions. Its violation during the War probably shocked the world more than anything else in the policy or actions of our late enemies. It was pleasant to see it reassert itself in the Arctic regions where the ice-breaker, 'Krassin,' proved that her crew could rise to the highest and most humane endeavour.

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There is no news from the Arctic regions to encourage hopes for the missing men there. Two American flyers are also lost in Greenland, but their case is not yet desperate. The loss of another machine off the Pacific Coast of North America is feared, but not confirmed. On the other hand, a minor triumph of flying has been achieved. In order to save time in the delivery of mails the French vessel, Ile de France, has carried an amphibian which can take off from the deck with the aid of some extra mechanical propulsion on the principle of a catapult. On her last journeys across the Atlantic the special mails have thus left her before her arrival and been delivered in New York and Paris with considerable saving of time. There are obvious advantages in being able to pick the moment, the place and the weather for starting in the air. With all things favourable much time can be saved. In unfavourable circumstances danger can be avoided.

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The Home Office has wasted no time in constituting the Racecourse Betting Control Board, and some of our readers may hope to see the totalisator installed at Lincoln when the next flat racing season begins in the spring. The Home Secretary has appointed Sir Reginald Blair to be Chairman until the post can be taken by Sir Clement Hindley, now Chief Commissioner of Railways in India. Lord D'Abernon is appointed to the Board by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we expect him to be a most influential member. The Jockey Club nominates its Senior Steward and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, a former steward who worked hard for the passing of the Act, with a chartered accountant, Sir William McLintock, who has had wide experience of public work. Tattersall's nominates a well-known bookmaker. The majority of the Board are well known to breeders and racing folk and will command their confidence. The others, we doubt not, will earn it.

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Bank Rate, 4½ per cent., changed from 5 per cent., on April 21st, 1927. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 102 9/16; on Wednesday week 102 7/16; a year ago 101 7/8. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 89¼; on Wednesday week 89½; a year ago 86⅝. Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Wednesday 76 13/16 x.d.; on Wednesday week 78; a year ago 75 1/16 x.d.

The Pact

AMID the prayers and thanksgivings of the Christian Churches, which we would re-echo here, the world passed another milestone on the road of civilization when the Pacte Générale de Renonciation à la Guerre (to give it its diplomatic title) was signed on behalf of fifteen of its leading nations, and the way was opened to others to follow. The world was weary enough, sick unto death, in November, 1918. Hopes then sprang up freely, wildly perhaps, and naturally enough the pendulum swung too far, and for ten years there has been scarcely a moment when some pessimist has not been able to say that all hopes were illusions. Of course they were not, however extravagant or fantastic were some of them. Chiefly, the steady growth of the influence and power of the League of Nations has been immense, literally not to be measured because there have been so few points at which its strength on one day could be compared with its strength upon another. When the historian comes to look at these last two lustres, we are confident that he will proclaim them to be marvels of progress, years of advance in international relations utterly unknown to earlier generations. To what motives he will ascribe the progress we who are alive cannot say: to the spread of the Christian doctrine of Love? to a common-sense materialism realizing the stupidity of destruction and the miseries of warfare? or will the cynic be held right in seeing only the cement of fear, though the proper fear of self-destruction? Probably the strongest factor in establishing public opinion in favour of Peace has been the lesson that war will not be just the business of professional navies and armies, but of whole peoples without exceptions. The soldier of Marlborough's and even of Wellington's day might have been excused had he looked upon a League of Nations or Holy Alliance as taking the bread out of honest men's mouths. Another Great War would take the bread from the mouths, and drain the spirit, of men and women, old and young alike.

There were moments when we thought that the greatest disappointment of the early years after the Peace lay in the absence of the United States from the League. To-day we are inclined to rejoice at that absence. Let no American misunderstand us or think that his country would not be welcomed to-day within the League. But it seems as though events had been so guided that Peace is even better served. The United States would obviously have brought a vast accession of strength to the League which would have leaped forward more quickly, if less steadily. But for Europe there might have been some difficulties which were avoided, for the influence of the United States must have been very great, yet her inexperience of conditions here must have been great too. To President Wilson's idealism we owe the eternal debt of gratitude for the League. To his ignorance of European conditions we owed many of the troubles and mistakes of the Peace Conference. Lately the very complaints of our "reservations" about the Pact showed how necessary were those explanations of conditions here. But these are small matters compared with this:—if the United States had joined the League we should not have had this Pact, whereas now Peace will have a double support: the basis on which it rests is broader, and from that base arise two parallel supports, the League and the Pact. If anyone compares the words of the Pact with the opening of the Covenant, he will see how tiny a twist is needed to show these parallel supports pointing to one aim. It is nothing that one goes to Clausewitz for a phrase to describe the purpose of wars that shall not be allowed, while the other even more comprehensively accepts "Obligations not to resort to war," and prescribing "open, just and honourable relations between nations" establishes "a rule of conduct among governments." Each condemns war: each exalts Peace.

Each points the way by which advanced nations shall deal honourably and peaceably one by another, and for the less advanced:—

> "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe."

That is the best we can do in a world where nations are at different stages of civilization or hold different views of religion and morality, for who can say that no Asiatic or even African race may ever run amok? But such a solemn declaration of high purpose by the leading nations of two hemispheres is a mighty bulwark against war. More and more will every nation susceptible of shame feel that it cannot begin a war. That is the spirit which the world is rightly trying to foster. Written treaties may be broken by governments who are careless of honour or frightened of holding to their consequences though the rupture may lead logically to war: but war will not follow if the spirit has thriven which makes the public opinion of every nation say, "We cannot begin a war." It is the duty of the world to foster this spirit, not only for our own generation: even more do we owe it to the next. When a generation arises which knew not the War, when imagination of its horrors and losses is dulled, an incentive to Peace will be lost; only the lowest incentive, maybe, fear. Yet if peoples are saved by love or fear, the dulling of fear does entail a loss, and that loss might in an unthinking democracy tip the balance. It is for us to see that our successors grow up, not merely struggling to avoid war, but simply not considering war as an instrument to hand. Towards this frame of mind the Pact is another step on the road along which the League is marching.

The Pact is a right thing and one to be thankful for. Let us be grateful to the men who have worked to bring it into being as well as to the Providence which has guided them to success. It is more than a mere balancing compromise between advantage and disadvantage. Let us give a final salute to the glories of war, for there are glories of courage, and to risk life for a good cause is noble: but the horror and wrong are greater than the glory, and the noble risking of life implies the brutality that slays without moral sanction. There will be cavillings at the Pact and, like the League, it will be a chance that the cynic will not spare to take up. We can afford to disregard the maniacal ravings of Moscow, where (until, at any rate, the rulers sign it) it is held up to the ignorant as a great scheme of preparation for war against the Soviets; ravings which perverse men even in this country have feebly imitated when trying to delude Communist assemblies. But in the United States there will be those who will genuinely regret that their country is being surely drawn into that co-operation which they learnt at their mothers' knees to call "entanglements." We beg them to believe that there are rewards for those who share burdens, and we credit them with enough idealism to gain satisfaction from that truth even before those rewards are tangible or visible. How long can they kick against the pricks while inter-communication herds the nations more and more closely together? Distance and time which kept them apart disappear through the use that science makes of the ocean, the air and the ether, and those who are not idealists must accept this as sufficient destruction of splendid isolation. There will be searchings

of heart, too, over the harmony which must be presented at home and abroad between the Pact and the Monroe Doctrine. So far as we understand the American view and intention, the Doctrine will stand unaltered in the face of Europe as President Wilson insisted when Article XXI. was inserted in the Covenant : but by the Pact the United States renounce force in support of the Doctrine. If we read aright, this is a profession of faith that we admire, and it is consistent with the optimistic views expressed at the Havana Conference. The United States will have our sympathy more than ever in their difficulties in Mexico and Nicaragua, two States whom we can see hastening to accept their invitations to be joint signatories of the Pact.

Then for Great Britain and the Empire : our representatives have signed the Pact on behalf of Sovereign and peoples with the hearty good will of all. This good will comes, let us dare to say, from the best motives. Certainly it is only common sense, too, that tells us now, as ever, that international Peace is our greatest national interest. But some will feel a pang of regret such as must come to those who see the passing of a cherished idea, even if it be worn out and changed for a better. As in joining the League, so in signing the Pact, Great Britain moves a step downward from the position to which her secular policy had raised her. She was the "unentangled" Power which might throw her weight into either scale. With what force she might do so, no man could tell (and she was none the less feared for that), but her strength was guessed at because there were visible signs of it all over the Seven Seas. Every breaker of the peace had to sit down first and consult whether he was able to risk British power coming against him. There was some honest pride to be taken in having our country in that lofty, lonely position so long as it was rightly used, and on the whole our rulers used it well. They sought no hegemony, and it was to the interest of all that no other hegemony should arise. Until this century that policy worked for the good of the world, though how many wars were prevented by the force that it withheld can never be told. That period of history seems to be closing for ever. The League has turned men's thoughts from the leadership of strength, from arbiters holding reserves of force, as well as from the arbitrament of war, and it has opened a window to the dawn of consultation, persuasion and co-operation. The world believes that it is making trial of a better system than the old one. The Pact is to help the world to give to new methods a fairer trial by strengthening the good will and confidence wherein lies the hope of the human race.

Governor Smith and the Prohibition Issue

IT is long since a Presidential election campaign excited so much interest outside America as the fight between Mr. Herbert Hoover and Governor Alfred Smith. For seldom have the antagonists been so well matched personally, and rarely indeed have they spoken out so definitely on matters of public importance. We have commented on Mr. Hoover's remarkable proposals for the relief of the farming community, whose votes he seeks with seeming disregard of the urban communities who require cheap farm products. Governor Smith has been even bolder in his speech accepting nomination, for he has declared that the Prohibition law ought to be modified, though all the political wire-pullers on his side wanted him to evade the awkward question. He has defied the powerful sections of American opinion which look upon the Eighteenth Amendment as a Magna Charta of temperance, and openly declared for local option, State by State, in the application of the Federal constitutional law forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquor. Inasmuch as Mr. Smith is the first Roman Catholic, and the first regular New York Tammany leader, to be nominated for the Presidency, his boldness of speech is all the more noteworthy. He has made no attempt to conciliate those who fear Rome and dislike Tammany by uttering platitudes, but has spoken his mind on the issue which, if we may judge from the American visitors to England, is of very real concern to every American citizen. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Smith's programmes, the United States is to be congratulated on having to decide between two frank and honest men who disdain empty phrases and tell the voters exactly what they would do if elected President.

As Governor of New York State, Mr. Smith has ceased to enforce the Volstead Act giving effect to the Prohibition amendment, because a poll of the people in the State showed a considerable majority against enforcement. The Federal authorities have been left to do what they can without assistance from the State authorities. Governor Smith has now proposed to apply the New York policy to all the States. He would allow the people of each State to declare by referendum whether or not they desired that alcoholic liquor should be imported, manufactured and sold. If they did, the State Legislature would fix the standard alcoholic content of liquor, subject to a maximum to be imposed by Congress. Under the Volstead Act, the alcoholic content of any liquor that may be lawfully sold must not exceed a half of one per cent, so that even thin lager beer comes under the ban. Governor Smith would presumably raise the maximum to 5 per cent. or more, while leaving each State free to decide upon any lower standard for its own people.

The proposal reminds us that the traditional policy of the Democratic party to which Mr. Smith belongs has been to maintain States' rights as opposed to Federal powers. Jefferson, the father of the Democrats, was always jealous of the growth of the influence of the Federal Government and, in helping to draft the Constitution, stressed the right of the States to retain as much self-government as possible. It cannot be said that the Democrats in recent years have upheld this doctrine very consistently, or that the modern Republicans are in any sense centralizing Federalists as contrasted with their adversaries. Still Governor Smith's new scheme involves a very definite reversion to the early Democratic faith, and in that respect is calculated to appeal to many old-fashioned Democrats, irrespective of the merits of the particular case. It is to be noted, too, that Mr. Smith referred with approval to the experiments which the several Canadian provinces have been enabled to make in regard to the sale of drink. They have legislated, province by province, first for Prohibition, and then for State control and supervision, and it is interesting to find that Mr. Smith is of opinion that the Canadians have gone far to solve the problem. The essence of the Canadian provincial systems, which vary in detail, is Government ownership as opposed to private trading in liquor. While Mr. Smith declares himself absolutely opposed to any revival of the saloon or public-house, he seems prepared to recommend the Canadian plan for his own country.

It is common knowledge that the enforcement of the Volstead Act has been attended with grave difficulties,

especially in the Eastern States. It is admitted by all that there has been much evasion of the law, and that the illicit trade in liquor is still very considerable, and is attended by much corruption of the officials whose duty it is to stop the traffic. These facts are viewed differently by those who favour and by those who dislike Prohibition as a policy. On the one hand it is said that the difficulties are but transient, that the people at large are growing accustomed to abstinence from alcoholic liquor, and that the benefits of temperance are so obvious and substantial as to make any return to the old ways impossible. A steady persistence in the campaign against "bootleggers," or unlawful liquor dealers, will, on this view, gradually bring complete success. We may take it that Mr. Hoover, and many moderate politicians of his type, would subscribe to this belief. On the other hand, it is urged that the attempt to suppress the liquor trade has failed, and must fail, and that the fruitless endeavour to make people give up their old habits has multiplied law-breakers and inculcated a disrespect for law in general. This, clearly, is Governor Smith's reading of the case. "To-day," he says, "the disregard of the Prohibition laws is insidiously sapping respect for all law." Therefore, he would modify the Volstead Act so as to bring it into consonance with what he believes to be the desires of the public. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the well-known and highly respected President of Columbia University, who is a Republican, has recently expressed in forcible terms his alarm at the lawlessness which he attributes to Prohibition. But it is well to add that a good many prominent Democrats, especially in the South, would not subscribe to Governor Smith's indictment of Prohibition. Thus the issue cuts across the ordinary party lines, and the Republican and Democratic candidates do not represent in this matter the views of all Republicans and all Democrats.

It should be added that, though Prohibition is thus to figure most prominently in the election, it does not follow that the Volstead Act would or could be modified if Governor Smith were elected. English readers are always tempted to assume that a Presidential election resembles a General Election which often brings a change of both Government and policy. But the American Constitution, and the institutions based on it and developed from it, are far too inelastic to be affected by the election of a President with new ideas. The Senate, composed of two representatives from each State, has the deciding voice in the passing of a Bill, and the majority of the Senate may be, and often is, opposed in politics even to a President who has been elected by an overwhelming popular vote. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson both had cause to realize this fact, and the position of the Senate is perhaps even stronger now than it was a few years ago. It is doubtful whether, if Governor Smith were to become President next March, he could do anything to further his views of the unwisdom of national Prohibition. The election campaign may possibly show what the silent majority of the 120,000,000 Americans are thinking about the liquor problem, but it will not necessarily lead to any modification of the law, however slight. None the less, the struggle between two such notable figures as Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith is extremely interesting from the personal standpoint, all the more because it does not matter in the least to Great Britain or Europe whether the Republican or the Democrat wins.

The Censorship of the Mind

THE subject of literary censorship has been brought prominently before our attention as a result of the Home Secretary's request to Mr. Jonathan Cape, the publisher, to discontinue publication of Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel, *The Well of Loneliness*. The novel was received in the ordinary routine of business by the *Spectator* and given to a trusted reviewer. When we received the review we decided not to publish it, because we thought that the subject of sexual perversion is one which is better ignored unless there is some overwhelming justification for dragging it into the full light of day. Greater issues of public welfare are, however, involved than the mere publication of a novel which has been withdrawn; therefore, we make no apology for dealing with the matter this week. Two problems present themselves. Is a censorship of literature desirable in the interests of the community; and, if so, by what means should it be effected?

A strong case can be made for the writer who desires to portray the life of the day in all its aspects—sordid as well as wholesome. Is the novelist in future to be handed a list of subjects he may deal with? In writing of a psychological subject, must he first ascertain if his treatment of the matter meets with approval in high places? Life is not static, and each age has its problems and its special temptations. Is the question of homo-sexuality to be taboo to realistic contemporary literature because it is a loathsome subject which we would ignore, even if we cannot close our eyes to its existence? Like many other foul things it exists to a very limited extent, and the danger of directing attention to it by the prohibition of any one book is that the extent to which it is practised may be exaggerated. The result of the publicity which has been directed to the offending novel recently has been to make tens of thousands talk about a subject which is ordinarily ignored. It can at least be argued that if the book had been published and reviewed in the ordinary way less harm would have been done than by its withdrawal consequent on Mr. James Douglas's attack in the *Sunday Express*. Freedom of speech and the free circulation of thoughts are very precious possessions, and, without attempting to minimize the dangers of their abuse, they act as a safety-valve. It may be better to wash dirty linen in public and discuss social ills openly rather than to bury our heads in the sand and pretend they do not exist. And finally there is the question, debated down the ages, does the artistic treatment of a subject justify its publication, or must we agree with those who claim that art and literature must have a moral background? These are some of the arguments used by those who disapprove of any censorship of contemporary literature.

The case in support of the attack on the book and in favour of a censorship of literature is in our view a stronger one. To claim that because a book portrays a sordid but existing side of contemporary life it has a right to appear is a doctrine to which we cannot subscribe. There are things which it is better not to talk about. Recently, when the Government, as the result of public pressure, prohibited the publication of the proceedings of the Divorce Court in the Press, it acted wisely. In the interests of the majority it is not desirable that the millions of readers of the popular Press should be given such mental food. The public is all the better for this censorship. If psychological novels on sex-perversion were published for mature minds and for adults only they might be justifiable, but this is not so.

We censor films, plays, and photographs. Pornographic postcards and literature are prohibited because we rightly think that the community must be protected from itself. Right thinking is the prelude to right living. Our minds must have inhibitions and restraints just as much as our bodies. A discussion of sex is not on a par with that of most subjects. If no protest had been raised to the publication of *The Well of Loneliness*, the authoress would doubtless have had many emulators and we should be confronted with a succession of books on sexual abnormality, as is the case elsewhere. Whatever the drawbacks and however much we are attached to the idea of authorship untrammelled by outside interference, we think that the Home Secretary acted wisely in asking Mr. Cape to withdraw the book, and we congratulate the publisher on complying with the request so promptly.

Attacks have been made on the editor of the *Sunday Express* for the manner in which he focussed attention on Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel, and he has been accused of sensationalism and of dealing with the matter solely as a "newspaper stunt." But the newspaper editor, if he fulfils his functions properly, is the watchdog of society, and every time he speaks out his mind he lays himself open to attack. Perhaps it would have been wiser if the editor of the *Sunday Express* had first of all drawn the attention of the Home Secretary to the book by private letter. The book would not in that case have received widespread publicity, and a large demand for it would not have been created—a demand which fortunately could not be met before its withdrawal. But if newspaper editors were to take the rebukes administered to Mr. James Douglas to heart and never to draw attention to abuses till they had first written privately to the Government department concerned, would they be serving the public welfare? Would not Government departments treat these private admonitions somewhat lightly, and what assurance is there that these private missives would be as effective as the printed word? The newspaper editor who sincerely feels what he is writing about, as Mr. Douglas undoubtedly did, is entitled to speak out his mind—if he expressed his thoughts in somewhat picturesque language, there was certainly justification for much that he said.

We are not sure that the Home Secretary is the right person to act as censor of the reading matter to be given to the public, and we say this in no spirit of hostility to Sir William Joynson-Hicks. If there is to be a censorship of the mind, we think that a committee should be set up which would command universal respect, to which in case of need, matters might be referred in advance. If we are to avoid a repetition of the recent occurrences, some such measure will have to be adopted.

Leo Tolstóy

IN Russia Tolstóy is to-day generally recognized as their greatest prose writer, though he was not in sympathy with anything resembling the *régime* now prevailing in that country. There is in England no similarly decisive preference for his works, partly because, as Mr. J. H. Penson has pointed out in *The Author*, "Tolstóy's works have been more obscured to English readers by misrepresentation than those of any other writer of first rank." The instances Mr. Penson gives of this are very striking, but all that need here be said is that the Centenary Edition of Tolstóy's works, which the Oxford University Press is now producing, will go far towards removing this obstacle to a due recognition of his greatness. Even in the poorest rendering his energy and force sometimes break through the barriers. Professor Gilbert Murray has remarked that: "The wonder to me has always been how Tolstóy contrives to make such a tremendous and characteristic impression through such an opaque and distorting medium as the average Anglo-American translation."

The variety of Tolstóy's achievements and the enthusiasm with which he flung himself on to one task after another are amazing.

Boyhood, published before he was twenty-four, was a forerunner of the type of psychological novel the interest of which lies not in what people do, but in why they do it, that has since become common. *Sevastopol*, partly written in the dangerous Flagstaff Bastion during the siege, gives a life-like description of trench-warfare such as many Englishmen experienced during the late War in Flanders. At the end of the second part of it comes an implicit condemnation of war that is remarkable not only as literature, but as evidence of the moral courage which enabled an ambitious young officer on active service to utter it. Then, in the long interval between *Sevastopol* and *A Confession*, he wrote *War and Peace*—which in the opinion of many competent authorities is the greatest novel ever written, and it is one that broke fresh ground by introducing "the open form" of novel, resembling, as Prince Mirsky has said, the section of a flowing river. The story is not set in a frame, as though nothing had gone before or came after. Life had been flowing before we enter the reception in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room; and at the end, when we encounter Prince Andrew's young son, the river is evidently flowing on beyond the section we are allowed to observe. In that great work he refrained from condemnation of war, treating it as an elemental and inevitable occurrence, but the fidelity of the descriptions, and his presentation of the motives and minds of those engaged in war, strip it of its customary romantic attraction.

Subsequently he wrote a series of articles—including a striking one that is now used as a Preface to Constable's edition of *Sevastopol*, and others to be found in his *Essays and Letters*—expressly indicting war, and it may safely be said that no one had a greater influence than he in preparing men's minds for the League of Nations and Mr. Kellogg's peace proposals, though his distrust of governments made it hard for him ever to believe that they could sincerely exert themselves to put Mars in handcuffs.

A brief recapitulation of his chief efforts in other fields is all that can here be attempted. He was no faultless and infallible prophet, but in the space available and at the time of his centenary, let us dwell on his achievements rather than his mistakes. For some years before his marriage he devoted himself heart and soul to school experiments with the village children of Yásnaya Polyána, and this led to his writing a series of essays on education and producing a school Reader which was, and probably is, the most popular of Russian educational works.

His second great novel, *Anna Karénina*, was followed by *A Confession*, one of the most engrossing autobiographical works ever written. Then followed a series of works on religion—which would by themselves have sufficed for the literary output of any ordinary author. The last of the series is a masterly article, *What is Religion?* in his *Essays and Letters*. The simple stories collected in *Twenty-Three Tales* include some of his very best work, and are exceedingly popular everywhere with children

of all ages. If the peasants supplied the corn he ate, he felt that it was only fair for him to supply them, in exchange, with food suited for their mental digestion. He held that we benefit the world by what good things we produce and what useful services we render, but impoverish it by whatever we consume, and this view he pressed home in *What Then Must We Do?*—another work of great autobiograpical value and one that contains a very striking prediction of the Revolution—an event he foresaw but did not desire. The exact words of his prediction are :—

"Try as we may to hide from ourselves the simple, most obvious danger that the patience of those whom we are stifling may be exhausted—that danger is growing every day and every hour and has long threatened us, but now has matured so that we hardly maintain ourselves in our little boat above the roaring sea which already washes over us and threatens angrily to swallow and devour us. The workers' revolution with horrors of destruction and murder not merely threatens us, but we have been living over it for some thirty years already . . . Except the Tsar, the classes that oppress the masses have now no justification in the people's eyes . . . hatred among the worst representatives of the people, and contempt for us among the best of them, increases hour by hour . . . The wealthy classes have nothing to console themselves with in the deadly peril . . . Only one thing is left for those who do not wish to change their way of life, and that is to hope that 'things will last my time'—after that let happen what may!

"That is what the blind crowd of the rich are doing; but the danger is ever growing, and the terrible catastrophe draws nearer."

His relation to the Revolution was that of Noah to the Flood. He foresaw it and wished to warn people of its approach, with the result that some of those who were deaf to his warnings would now lay the blame of the catastrophe on him.

His plays—two of which are to be produced this October at the Arts Theatre Club (probably with the participation of his grand-daughter, who trained as an actress under Stanislávsky)—have placed him securely among the greatest Russian playwrights. His excellent work in famine relief, carried out in the teeth of official discouragement, found some, though not very much, reflection in his writings.

His excommunication evoked his magnificent *Reply to the Holy Synod*, and his protest against Stolypin's executions in *I Cannot be Silent*, is one of the most splendid of modern philippics.

No other such colossus of literature appeared in Russia or elsewhere during the nineteenth century; for the last thirty-five years of his life he towered head and shoulders above any contemporary. His works will live as long as literature endures, and no one dealing seriously with religious or social problems, literature or art, educational problems, or the state of Russia during the last half of the nineteenth century, can afford to disregard the work of this great artist and seer.

AYLMER MAUDE.

The Riviera in Summer

A CENTURY has gone by since Lord Brougham, descending from his carriage at the fishing village of Cannes, found it a pleasant enough place to make it his headquarters for the winter. Since that time how many thousand (or should it be how many million?) English feet have followed in his tracks? By the end of the last century the Eastern half of the Southern coastline of France had become almost an English colony.

In the new century a new influence began to make itself felt. At first timidly, but gradually with growing insistence, and at last with overwhelming power and numbers, a new invading host came swarming into "the British Riviera." The Americans arrived and to-day the Riviera is no longer a British colony. It is no longer in reality even an American colony. It has no trace of nationality. The rich from Seattle to Brazil, from Copenhagen to Cairo, from Bombay to Singapore, inhabit it and deluge it with their gold for those winter months which are still the traditional Riviera season.

But with the change of nationality there has come a new and even more interesting change. The English, and even the French (least expected of all nationalities in the Riviera, half driven out, as it were, of their customary places in the winter season), have found a new use for the coast. They have taken to going there in the summer instead of the winter. The hotels of Cannes, of Antibes, of Nice, and of Mentone, once silent and deserted at this time of the year, now enjoy a new prosperity. A second and growing season has been added unto them.

How incomprehensible our forefathers would have thought it to go to Cannes in August! The heat, they would have said, would be unbearable, the malaria prohibitive, the whole enterprise crazy. What, then, has changed? Is it the climate, or is it ourselves? At first sight we are tempted to think that it is the climate. Certainly, if the summers have not got cooler, the winters surely have changed. To-day to most English people—who will deny it?—the Riviera winter climate is most unpleasantly chilly. Sun there may be, but wind there certainly is, and the chief impression of the slightly embittered observer of the famous Corniche road in January or February is one of dust, noise, biting wind, and intermittent rain. Certainly there is still much winter sunshine, and as a matter of fact it is probable that the winter climate is just about the same as ever. No, it is our tastes that have changed, not the climate.

We have learnt to like real heat, for we have learnt to live, to dress, to eat, to sleep in the right way and at the right times to meet it. The nineteenth-century Englishman made no concessions to a foreign climate. If he had gone to Cannes in August he would have retained his English clothes, his English food in so far as he could, and his English habits. Above all, he would not have repaired to the one perfect place to spend the hottest August day, the sea. This is the real secret of the new-found summer season on the Riviera. One simply spends the time in the sea, or, if not actually submerged, at any rate lying clad only in a bathing dress upon its margin. We have learnt that the sun, if treated wisely, can be a great healer instead of a great curse. If we do not encumber ourselves with thick woollen clothes, but let his rays beat upon our bodies themselves, he can be a very fountain of strength. But so powerful an agent as the Riviera sun cannot be used immoderately. The rash bather who lies for an hour with his bare back in the sun on the first day of his arrival will probably spend the next three days in bed with the skin off his back, a high temperature and swollen limbs. And the life that one should lead in such high temperatures must essentially be an easy one—not that hard exercise is impossible. Tennis, even of the hardest kind, as long as it is played reasonably early in the morning, or late in the evening, is excellent. But what does fray the nerves and wear the temper in a hot climate is "rushing about." If you or your party give yourself too much to do, too many engagements, too many amusements, too much motoring on hot, dusty roads, then, indeed, you will find the Riviera too hot in the summer. Some people, of course, will live that sort of life wherever they are, and no doubt the temptations towards it are very considerable along the Riviera coast. But unquestionably it is not the way to enjoy your holiday. You can dance and you can dine as well in London, and better in Paris, than you can in the South. A dozen places equidistant from London are more beautiful, fifty are most interesting historically and artistically. No, you go to the Riviera for sun and sea, and if you concentrate on these two things you will not go far wrong.

JOHN STRACHEY.

Sunday Morning at the 'Peacock'

EVERYONE was on his best behaviour, and of the nine of us who sat in the sunlit little bar of the 'Peacock Inn' no fewer than six wore collars and ties. Of these Sabbath adornments, Old William's was undoubtedly the finest; a purple bow, arranged with just that touch of abandon which differentiates the sartorial artist from the dressed-up individual, over a hard-boiled shining shirt. They made a handsome pair, Old William and his collie. And when Old William spoke, no matter on what topic, other conversations languished.

"Yes," Old William was saying as the stranger entered and seated himself unobtrusively by the window, "she were murdered. No doubt of it at all. Who says she weren't?"

Nobody said that. She was murdered, certainly.

"What I say," continued Old William, stroking his collie's silky yellow ears with one hand and tapping smartly on the bench with the other, "she were murdered under my very eyes, and me with Parson's red cockerel in my hand as sure as I sits here. Do anybody deny that?"

No. Nobody denied it.

"Well, believe me or not, sir, as you likes," said Old William, turning to the stranger, in a tense silence, "I never got a ha'penny composition from that day to this. Not a ha'penny."

Everyone heaved a deep sigh and said "Ah!" except the stranger, who was too mystified to say anything. Not a ha'penny composition? It seemed very unfortunate. Then a young, blue-eyed ploughman shook his head and coughed. Everyone looked at him.

"The roads," he said, realizing that he was expected to say something, "the roads is not what they was. Not for dogs, as you might say."

"Not for dogs," assented the man sitting next to him. Then he had an afterthought, and added, "Nor not for pedesterans as well, if you was to ask me."

"It's them moty-cars," said Old William suddenly, in an unexpectedly savage tone. "What did I say when they come on to the road first, hey? What did I say thirty year ago?"

Everyone nodded and looked wise. But nobody knew what Old William had said: a heavy, thirst-quenching silence, therefore.

"I said," pursued Old William, an expression of gloomy triumph overshadowing his face, "I said, 'Them moty-cars is a invention of the Devil hisself, but the Lord God of Israel will not put up with them for ever,' that is what I said. And no more he will. Do anybody deny that my dog Bess were murdered in cold blood? She were a sister of this one," Old William added for the stranger's benefit.

Nobody denied anything, and Old William lapsed into a brooding silence, interrupted only by the periodic voicing of his firm belief that the Lord God of Israel would not stand much more of it. This left the rest of us free to discuss one or two other topics of importance, and everything went smoothly till a voice, that of the young blue-eyed ploughman, was raised in derisive comment on what a little man in the corner had said about "the right to eat a apple if she hang into your garden."

"It ain't sense," said the young ploughman hotly. "Mean to tell me, if I grows a apple tree, and some of the apples hangs over the wall into your garden, you has a right to eat them?"

"It's the law," answered the little man, disclaiming all responsibility with a calm air of finality. "You can't get round the law."

"Ah, but *is* it the law, Tom?" said one of the collarless, mournfully. "You be invading the point. *Is* it the law?"

"'Course it is," said the little man sharply. "If you was to inquire in London you would find it was the law all right."

The collarless one leant forward and pointed a dramatic finger at the little man. "Them which wishes it to be the law," he said with slow deliberation, "makes it so. If I am not mistook, Little Tom, them apple pies which you and your Missis has been feeding on all through the winter, was due, no more and no less, to a apple tree which growed in old Mrs. Hannaway's garden."

"It's a damn lie!" shouted Little Tom, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash. "I never touched 'em. It's a damn lie, so it is!"

The collarless one beamed round the company.

"We all thought you was in your rights eating them apples," he said with a slow wink at the stranger. "What come over you then?"

The little man's reply was drowned in a roar of laughter. The point was settled.

"She were murdered——" began Old William; but as nobody looked as though he were going to deny it, Old William stopped and made a sign with his hand instead. The barman knew what this meant, and came across, looking inquiringly at the stranger's glass. "Yes, the same again, please," agreed the latter. So that point was settled.

Outside the 'Peacock' a flock of white geese was cropping the village green. A church clock chimed one.

"Well, my Meg has roast beef Sundays," said the young blue-eyed ploughman. "One o'clock sharp. I dunno 'bout anyone else." He went out into the sunlight.

"There," said an old nut-faced gentleman who had not hitherto spoken, "that's what come of getting married afore the proper time. She don't give him a chance. Been following this last divorce what's in the London papers, Tom?"

"Ah!" said everyone.

"Now that is what I calls a *proper* disgraceful affair," said the man in the corner. "A regular mix-up. What does you say, William?"

"Things is not what they was," said Old William.

H. M.

Training the Air Mechanic (1)

HALTON Camp, where three thousand aircraft apprentices are trained, is the biggest educational experiment in the world. I write "experiment" because although the Camp has existed some six years, it is new in the sense that flying and the science of aeronautics is new, and that it has had to evolve for itself (in weeks instead of years) an organization and traditions which our Universities and public schools required centuries to create for themselves. Columbia University and the London Polytechnic are bigger educational centres, but there is no boarding school in the world as big as Halton, and few with such an original curriculum. I imagine that even now the teaching methods at Halton must be in a state of flux. Main principles are established (I shall come to them in the next article), but as new types of aeroplanes develop so do new trades spring up. The all-metal machine, for instance, needs the care of the "light-metal-fitter," whose craft is quite distinct from that of the engine fitter. Soon, there will be no woodwork in the skeletons of our aircraft, and the carpenter will be replaced by the metal-worker. Changes

will continue; there will always be fresh opportunities for the young mechanic in the Air Force to distinguish himself in fields we can only dimly imagine to-day; indeed, for an ambitious boy with a taste for mechanics, there never was a better chance in any service than that existing in the Air Force now.

A recent Air Force order has abolished many posts held by junior officers; they will be replaced as time goes on by non-commissioned ranks who will, of course, be largely Halton men. Moreover, the employment of one hundred airmen-pilots a year is contemplated, who will come chiefly from the apprentices here at Halton. Already ten or twelve specially selected boys each year are sent to the Officers' Cadet College at Cranwell, after completing their course as mechanics. These boys join on a full equality with cadets entered by open competition and usually distinguish themselves; only last year, one of them won the "Sword of Honour" as the best Flight-cadet of his term. It is obvious, therefore, that every Halton lad carries a marshal's baton, or, at any rate, a pilot's control stick in his knapsack.

Some inquiries—desultory, I admit—among parents who are considering careers for their boys, have given me the impression that the Air Force is considered to be a dangerous career. "I want Johnny to keep his feet on the ground," one parent said to me. That is a foolish attitude, but the reason is obvious. Every death by flying is chronicled on the front page of the papers. Many of them occur under service conditions, and the Air Ministry has done very little—much too little, I think—to let the public know the conditions under which its personnel is serving. Now the toll of life taken by the air is inevitable if the Service is to be as efficient as it is. Learning to fly and to fight at the terrific speeds of our new scouts demands a sacrifice from those whose skill and courage qualify them to die for their country. Some of the flower of our youth pay the price. But it is only a proportion of the members of the Air Force who fly at all, and any parent who considers this risk in estimating his son's career should be prepared to keep him safely wrapped up in cotton wool to the end of his days. Aircraft apprentices take tremendous pains to qualify themselves for pilots as a matter of fact, but only one in a hundred is chosen.

Three-quarters of the boys at Halton come straight from secondary and technical schools. They are magnificent educational material—the finest no doubt that has ever been gathered together in such quantity. How are they treated? As far as I could see, there was a splendid spirit of energy and enthusiasm throughout the camp. In any service there is a danger of stereotyped methods, stiffness, conservatism—indeed, of sheer stupidity. I daresay among the senior officers of the Air Force there may be some Major-General D'Ordels and Admiral Brassbounds, but their number is not many, for flying clears away mental cobwebs. Air Commodore Bonham-Carter, who is in command at Halton, is constantly to be seen piloting his private machine. Although he was shot to pieces in the War so that he cannot use his legs on the rudder control, he has had a special control lever stick made, so that his Moth is entirely managed by hand. Men such as he are not likely to be tied to precedent or routine.

The boys are housed in three wings of one thousand each, under a wing commander. They sleep in dormitories of about twenty each in charge of a leading boy and a non-commissioned officer. Each wing has a canteen, a library, a billiard-room with three tables, and a reading-room. The libraries—there are nine altogether for the boys—are good and up-to-date. Every encouragement is given to private study. In fact, although there is officially no "preparation," a boy who will not work in his spare time is unlikely to succeed at Halton. There is an excellent swimming-bath for the whole Camp, and each boy is expected to be able to swim before leaving. Other amusements include cricket and football and a Light Aeroplane Club whose monoplane recently won an open competition for speed at Hamble. There are also debating, dramatic, orchestral and athletic societies.

The work is divided in the proportion of two-thirds technical to one-third educational. As regards the latter, a definite time is set aside to teaching the boys *to think for themselves*—an abomination to those who believe in polish and pipeclay. It is a time screened off, so to speak, from the task of learning how to earn a living, during which the boy can ask himself (if he wants to, and he often does) what is the purpose of life, and his place in the scheme. That is education. In the next article I shall try to give some outline of the curriculum: the subject is too big for my space this week. Instead, I will ask two questions. Is constructive citizenship better worth teaching than the art of brightening brass? Is Halton better value than a battleship or a battalion? The long-term soldier or sailor is a splendid fellow, but he cannot usually take his place when he leaves his Service as a high wage-earner. With the aircraftsman it is different. At the age of thirty, having seen something of the world, and educated himself under the excellent schemes available in the Air Force, the mechanic who takes his discharge can almost certainly find a job at £4 a week in one of those industries which vitally affect our prosperity. It is good business for everyone, therefore, that a large number of aircraft apprentices should be trained: good for the young men who need a decent wage for themselves and their prospective family and good for the nation that needs their skill and productive capacity in all its forms. We pay about as much per annum to train these three thousand boys for a job which educates them while serving their country and enables them to be self-supporting at thirty, as we pay to maintain a single battleship for a year. Would there were more boys and fewer battleships.

F. YEATS-BROWN.

Poetry

The Spring Returns

Now that the bird
of passage wings
his way to tropic
lovely things,

Your rainbow colours
one by one
slip through my hands
to seek the sun.

Yet Spring returns!
On April rain
Light will come dancing
back again

On moted beauty,
to the strains
of singing leaves
in English lanes.

And lacquered poppy,
lapis squill,
the gold encrusted
daffodil,

The jade and silver
hellebore
shall tesselate
her dancing floor.

RACHEL E. CROWDY.

Country Life

ENGLISH RIVERS.

Daily for the last week or two I have seen a succession of really pitiful illustrations of the neglect of our English rivers; and not even the mildest protest is raised against a system that puts lovely and once valuable streams quite out of commission, both as agencies of profit and of pleasure. The public accepts what is done as if no change were possible. The truth is that a change is easy; certainly it is demanded by common sense and decent patriotism.

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THE UNHAPPY OUSE.

The river in question—and others suffer similarly—is the Huntingdonshire Ouse, especially that part of it which separates the little old historic county town of Huntingdon from the lovely riverside village of Godmanchester. Once, as Roman and Saxon camps indicate, the neighbourhood of the old bridge was quite the most important strategical point in England. Above the town the river is equipped with once excellent locks; and many years ago the control of the water transport was a legitimate source of considerable wealth. The river was equally valuable to those who went up and down with barges or with pleasure boats. To-day the locks are unused and to some extent unusable; and one at any rate has the appearance of some derelict work of a forgotten civilization. It might be scheduled and made over to the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments and Places of Historic Interest! An occasional fisherman treats its interior as a pond, and reclines in the retirement of surrounding weeds and bushes without fear of disturbance.

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If anyone wishes to fare up and down this portion of the river by boat he must land and pull his craft over land, it may be trespassing in the process. No provision of any sort is made. There are no rollers, as on the Thames. There is not so much as a sign of any smoothing or levelling of the banks, or extraction of snags. It is extremely difficult—*experto crede*—to drag any considerable boat over the obstacles without breaking the back both of the craft and of the porters. The difficulties are such that in practice boats do not go up and down; and it is undeniably attractive to have long reaches of one of the loveliest rivers in England (as Drayton knew over four hundred years ago) almost to yourself. You may scull without looking round: a collision would not occur once in a month of Sundays, even in holiday time.

* * * *

RAILWAY JEALOUSY.

What is the reason for blocking the course of a river that might be very popular and presumably useful? Doubtless one of the reasons why river traffic for commercial purposes failed was the dog-in-the-manger policy of the railways. Close by in Rutland they went so far, I believe, as deliberately to fill up canals, and their policy was at one time so to handle rates and control key points that water transport should be choked out. But let that point pass, for the sake of a more important matter. In the first instance, the locks were built by private enterprise (as, to some extent, the Fens were drained). They were therefore and have remained private property; and, like private property such as a house, they can be bought and sold. Whoever owns them can do almost as he pleases, though some old rights, that puzzle the most expert lawyers, here and there cut in and complicate the issue. The millers (who are a vanishing body) have certain powers, and in recent years Godmanchester, as a unit, has been able to vindicate certain rather negative rights. But in essentials it is true that whatever private person owns the locks can, at his own sweet will, play the destructive autocrat of what should be a national or at least municipal or county possession.

* * * *

THE LOCK OWNERS.

What may be the plans, policy, principles or ideas of the present owner I do not know. His dwelling-place or personality are unknown to me. Even those who live on the banks of the river, much less those who make occasional visits, do not trouble to inquire. Whatever he may be, he is doubtless acting within his rights as property owner and is under no concrete obligation to spend time or money on the public or the nation, for he certainly gets no profit himself. But one must ask whether there is any other country in the world—however deeply civilized, for no barbarian community would countenance it—which would permit such a muddle. Fine engineering feats accomplished by the expenditure of much capital have collapsed into an occasion for litigation and little else.

* * * *

OUSTED FISHERMEN.

The general neglect is not confined to the locks. Not so many years ago the weeds were cut regularly, and the mill-owners did much to keep the current clear and unencumbered. All that care is abandoned. The weeds grow at their own sweet will. "We have quite given up fishing," one of the house-owners by the banks told me, "as the weeds make it almost impossible." But the river abounds in coarse fish: in pike, perch, bream, roach, carp, and many others. It would be a trout stream, and a very good one, if we cared for our streams as, say, the Nova Scotians care for theirs, continually restocking them from Government hatcheries. I do not know that it would not be a salmon stream. Two queer old records are known to me. One of a salmon trout (of all fish) being caught at Godmanchester, the other of a salmon "a yard and an inch long" being stranded, after a flood, alongside a neighbouring brook. Some fishing historian should make a list of the rivers that once abounded in salmon and trout, and are now fouled and obstructed. After all, there never was a time when fishing was more popular or fishermen so ready to spend great sums on their pleasure.

* * * *

A VITAL RIVER.

The Ouse is a river of great national importance on many accounts. It matters much more to farmers than to fishermen. Extensive areas, reclaimed at the cost of millions by Charles I., by Cromwell and, especially, by the Earls and Dukes of Bedford, depend on its upkeep, for they are below sea level, and they are some of the richest lands in Europe. While Boards and Commissions of ponderous complication care for the lower reaches (though most unfortunately they do not concern themselves with the outflow in the sea), the Upper Ouse is left to the management of chance and caprice. Why the nation, or the counties most vitally concerned, why the public accept such a situation, passes all comprehension. No river is better managed than the Thames (though London neglects it), and few are managed worse than the Ouse. It is a curious point in economic history that the river rights would have been transferred to the Government as long ago as 1879—when an admirable Bill passed the Lords and was nearly through the Commons—but for the purely factious opposition of the "Cave," whose quartette included Mr. Arthur Balfour. Will not Lord Balfour atone by taking constructive interest in the reclamation of the river? Or Mr. Churchill atone for Lord Randolph's part.

* * * *

THE FIRST.

September the First begins a new sort of year. Football, as well as partridges, comes into the picture, ploughs supplant cutters-and-binders, and starlings swallows. But the day belongs to the partridge. The estimators vary much, as always, about the prospects. To give a partial and personal view—the coveys have been many, large and well-grown in the one district of Norfolk and of the Home Counties where I have been; and theoretically the season ought to have been favourable. Yet a number of rather gloomy forecasts have been made. The true facts will be revealed in the coming week, though still harvest and harvesters will keep sportsmen out of many fields; and even keepers have no comprehensive knowledge of the tale of birds while crops are standing.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

Letters to the Editor

A REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Following upon the Report issued by the Industrial Transference Board comes the announcement that Lord Lovat is about to visit Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. His main object in doing so is to try to arrange with the Government and other authorities in Canada to create facilities for the absorption into that Dominion of as large a number as possible of the 21,000 miners and their dependants who are now unable to obtain employment in Great Britain.

From Canada, he proposes to travel to Australia and set up in conjunction with the Commonwealth Authorities a similar provision for as many of the 21,000 miners as can be found steady and lasting employment. In the case of New Zealand, official emigration activities have been in abeyance at this end, but it goes without saying that Lord Lovat will receive all the help possible in that Dominion.

Questions of rural housing schemes, advances to those who have made good as land workers, and various land settlement schemes on a larger scale will be taken up by Lord Lovat with the various authorities. In order to encourage family settlement, it is hoped to work out schemes for the provision of cottages on farms in Canada and Australia, in which families can be housed while men are working and gaining experience on the land before they settle on their own holdings.

It is proposed to train the settlers, carry them oversea at the lowest possible rate, and arrange for one year's employment. During the training period of from nine to sixteen weeks the dependants are to receive a grant at the rate of 17s. a week for the wife, and 2s. a week for each child. After one month's work on a farm oversea the trainee should be able to go on full agricultural wages. The Ministry of Labour and voluntary organizations are to be asked to co-operate in securing the necessary number of miners.

To pave the way for this, it is proposed to expand the facilities in Great Britain for preliminary testing and training. There are already in existence two training centres working under Government supervision, one at Brandon, the other at Claydon. The value of such centres lies in the fact that through them it can be ascertained more accurately than hitherto whether an intending settler is going to like an agricultural life and, what is also important, whether he is able to stand it from a physical point of view.

Nothing more disheartening could occur than for an intending settler to go out with his wife and children and then, after two or three months, discover that he is unable through physical weakness to earn his living on the land. Two courses only lie open to him in that case, namely, either to drift into the Dominion cities and join the unemployed there, or to return to Great Britain and possibly swell the number of people without work here at home.

The task that lies ahead is not easy, and the only hope for its solution is the establishment of good will, not only as between Governments and civic authorities, but between the rank and file both here and in the Dominions. The Dominions can only absorb settlers in accordance with the conditions of trade and industry prevailing in their countries, and much harm can arise from any attempt to transfer more workers than the land can support.

The demand here at home for Empire goods, wine, and tobacco is increasing. This is all to the good, because it is stimulating production and creating more work in the Dominions for agricultural workers. The more agricultural wage-earners there are overseas, the more opportunities there are for exporting manufactured articles from Great Britain. Furthermore, the gradual spread of industrial growth within a Dominion is going to provide openings for settlers as well as for those born in that Dominion.

Agriculture heads the list of the many livelihoods awaiting wage-earners in Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. Fruit farming, live-stock breeding, dairying, mining, forestry, and fisheries are all pursuits that offer openings for those who are able to adapt themselves to new surroundings.

The work of relieving distress caused by unemployment here at home is of first-class importance to Great Britain. It is also of indirect importance to the Dominions, inasmuch as any unhealthy state of affairs existing in the heart of the British Empire must affect the remainder, especially in regard to finance. However, there must be give and take in the matter, and sound team-work.

The most healthy feature of this complex problem of trying to wipe out unemployment is the amount of attention which is now focussed upon it. We must all pull together and avoid any cause for misunderstandings in either the Dominions or Great Britain.—I am, Sir, &c., ERIC MURRAY.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH: COMPROMISE OR COMPREHENSIVENESS?

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Amid all the debates and correspondence anent the Church during recent years, I cannot recollect any serious attempt to discover the real *fons et origo* of our present-day troubles. *Why* is the Church of England in such a state of confusion and chaos? What is the underlying cause of all this un-Christian dissension and party strife? Some would answer, a selfish and disloyal pseudo-Romanism at one extreme. Others, an intolerant and uncharitable Protestantism at the other extreme.

Others, the lack of proper ecclesiastical courts such as churchmen could respect. Others, the need of a central authority respecting rites and ceremonies. Others, the fact that our Bishops do not act in concert, and that what is permitted in one diocese is forbidden in another. And so forth. But while these may be perhaps contributory causes, I believe that the ultimate explanation of our troubles of to-day is that for upwards of three and a-half centuries our Church has unconsciously been guilty of a grave error of policy. May I explain?

Ever since the Elizabethan settlement, the Church of England has been a *comprehensive* body. Herein she differs (in theory at least) from virtually every other Church in Christendom, for she includes—and was expressly intended to include—within her fold widely different types of churchmanship. She is not "one" in the sense that she requires a rigid uniformity of belief and practice. She is tolerant not merely of a wide diversity of ceremonial, but also, within limits, of differences of thought, particularly in respect of her sacramental teaching. May it not be, then, that she has made—and is still making—a vital error in seeking to restrict all her manifold schools of thought to the acceptance of one form of Communion office, one form of Confirmation Order, one form of Burial Service, and so forth?

This is manifestly the policy of compromise, not of comprehensiveness at all, and compromise satisfies nobody. I would therefore plead that for the future the Church of England shall frankly abandon compromise (which has proved such a lamentable failure) and show the spirit of comprehensiveness in a really practical manner. Given so much diversity of thought, it is plainly unreasonable to expect that "High," "Low" and "Broad" alike, with all their numerous subdivisions, are to be happily content with one and the same type of services. So long as we pursue this hopeless policy of compromise, so long as we continue to enforce a narrow uniformity upon an admittedly comprehensive Church, so long will the present chaos continue, and we shall look in vain for the spirit of peace and good will.

I therefore venture to put forward two alternative proposals:

(*a*) If we are going to think of the Church of England merely as the Church of this country alone, then I would very humbly entreat our Fathers-in-God to authorize for use the Liturgies, etc., of both 1549 and 1552, to suit the "Catholic" and "Protestant" parties respectively; while for congregations that prefer them the corresponding Services of the present Prayer Book would remain untouched. Let me add that there are those of us—and our name is probably "Legion"—who would plead earnestly for the inclusion of the proposed Liturgy of 1927, as being far more truly in accordance with primitive models than any of the above.

(*b*) But it is to be remembered that the Church of this country is also the G.H.Q. of a vastly wider Ecclesia Anglicana, having not only missionary dioceses throughout the world, but also sister and daughter Churches in full communion with her. Now, although

nearly all of these are autonomous, yet they all look up to the Archbishop of Canterbury as *primus inter pares* among the Archbishops and Bishops of this great Anglican Communion; and such of the latter as are able to come to England meet in solemn conclave at Lambeth every ten years under His Grace's presidency (in 1920, upwards of 250 Archbishops and Bishops were present). In short, the Ecclesia Anglicana, in the wider sense of the term, consists of a world-wide federation of Episcopal Churches, forming one united branch of the Church Catholic.

Now certain of these Churches, *e.g.*, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, the Church of South Africa, and the Church of the United States of America, have their own separate Prayer Books. I would suggest therefore that it would be a still better plan than (*a*) to permit the use of the Communion Offices, &c., of the aforesaid Churches as alternatives, where desired, to those of our own English Prayer Book. In this way the Church of England would demonstrate her truly comprehensive character. Such open approval and acceptance of the variant usages in the Ecclesia Anglicana throughout the world could not fail to unite in closer communion than ever before the sister and daughter Churches abroad to the Mother Church at home.

I am aware that the above suggestions will inevitably provoke a storm of protests to the effect that the use of several alternative liturgies, &c., would make for diversity rather than for uniformity. Once again, however, I would urge that in an admittedly comprehensive Church like ours uniformity is neither desirable nor possible of attainment. On the other hand, the more elasticity permitted (within reasonable limits) the more hope there will be of achieving, not indeed a narrow uniformity, but at least a real unity. No one would dispute the undoubted unity of the Church of this country for a number of centuries prior to the Reformation; yet even in those days there was no such thing as a rigid uniformity: "some following Salisbury use, some Hereford use, some the use of Bangor, some of York, and some of Lincoln." Again, the Episcopal Church of Scotland is a very united body, yet she possesses and uses two very different types of liturgy.

There is no proposal here to alter the existing Prayer Book, which is, as we all know, an appendage to an Act of Parliament, and consequently cannot be modified without the assent of that body. This would remain unchanged, and would still be used wherever it was desired. Where, however, it is merely a question of authorizing *alternative* services, there is such a thing as the *jus liturgicum* inherent in the Episcopate!

I would suggest that the additional forms of liturgy, &c., approved by the Bishops should be bound together in one volume, so that anyone worshipping in a strange church would be prepared for whichever Communion Office, &c., had been adopted at that particular church.

In conclusion: whether or no reform on some such lines as the above is within the range of practical politics, either at once or at some future date, is for wiser heads than mine to determine. But if we are ever to have peace in the Church of England (and it goes without saying that, unless and until we have peace, she cannot do her work as it ought to be done), if she is to achieve any real sense of fellowship and unity, if she is to accomplish her supreme task as the "Bridge Church"—the centre and focus of a reunited Christendom, then for the future she must show herself tolerant, charitable, and genuinely comprehensive. And the sooner she begins the better. Let her openly proclaim that the day of compromise is over—it has had a fair trial, lasting the better part of four hundred years—and let her inaugurate a wiser and more generous policy forthwith. After all, we should never be afraid to make experiments.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. F. Pollard,
Chaplain-Designate of the Crimea Memorial
Malta. Church, Constantinople.

THE R.S.P.C.A. AND THE IMPORTATION OF ANTHROPOID APES

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—The daily Press has lately afforded sad reading for lovers of animals. On the one hand we find reported "scenes of wild disorder" at an extraordinary meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which "women jumped on chairs, hissed and waved their agenda papers frantically at the chairman, and men shouted to him to leave the chair"; while on the other hand we read, "the Zoological Gardens have had little luck with their orang-outangs. First little Phœbe passed away, six weeks later her devoted mother, Nellie, was found dead in her cage. Now Marcus, the father of that once happy family, has followed them, a victim, it would seem, to our changeful climate."

Now I, a mere lover of animals, know nothing of the troubles of the R.S.P.C.A., nor what the "ructions" are about; but I do know that the avowed aims of the society are to prevent cruelty to animals, and that large sums of money have been left to it at various times to further this object—not to provide entertainment for the public! Surely, therefore, the energies of the Society could find a better outlet in combating the iniquitous importation of anthropoid apes, rather than in shouting and hissing after the manner of Killeny cats?

While the members of the R.S.P.C.A. entertain themselves and the public at their lively meetings the gross cruelty of the importation of the great monkeys goes gaily on. That the persons actually concerned do anything but the utmost for their charges I do not for a moment suggest. Their exhibition value alone ensures that! But however well the apes are cared for on the voyage and upon arrival here, it is cruelty of the worst description, for the odds against them surviving long are great, and their sufferings are mental as well as physical.

The gorilla, orang-outang and chimpanzee, are creatures of high intelligence, as might be expected considering they are our nearest living allies (which latter fact should entitle them to a little consideration!), yet we find them being captured and packed off to a climate utterly unsuited to them, where, should they survive sufficiently long, they must perforce be kept under conditions equally unsuited to their habits of life, that is until tuberculosis, or some other disease of civilization, brings release. And think what the conditions of capture and transport must mean for a highly strung yet social creature, delighting in the company of its fellows and pining when in solitude. Is it right that any animal, let alone an anthropoid ape, should have to endure such suffering merely to supply the crowd with something to gape at, and only, in the majority of cases, for a few short weeks at that?

To say that it is in the interests of science is wrong, because the behaviour of a sad sick monkey, deprived of family life, is utterly valueless to students of comparative psychology. On no grounds is the importation of the great apes into this country justifiable.

Again I say, what is the R.S.P.C.A. about, squabbling in indifference to such matters as this? Let it look about it, and forget internal troubles, or, like the famous cats already alluded to, there may soon be nothing left of it but the squall!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Frances Pitt.

The Albynes, Bridgnorth.

DR. VORONOFF'S VITAL INVERSION

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Mr. A. M. Crosfield in his critical letter says that he read mine with surprise. This is not easy to understand in regard to my statement that "Darwin came to tell us that we have descended from monkeys," in the light of the recent presidential address to the British Association by Sir Arthur Keith, entitled "Darwinism Up to Date." Is it that he is under the obsession of that irrepressible pioneer of Darwinism, Professor Huxley, and his Cathybius theory of the origin of life, far antedating the monkey epoch, and of which he wrote: "Given the first speck of protoplasm endowed with reflex irritability, anything more would be mere waste in the opinion of a consistent evolutionist." Of that omniscient sentence the then Duke of Argyll, in a twenty-five page article in the *Nineteenth Century* titled "Professor Huxley on the Warpath," wrote: "The reduction of the resources of nature to the opinion of a consistent evolutionist, is very rich. It reminds one of the American joke that 'the planets revolve round the sun, subject to the constitution of the United States.'"

It is certainly obvious that no morally sane mind can feel otherwise than in accord with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's description of Dr. Voronoff's rejuvenation process. It is one of those unnatural monstrosities which vivisection if

given rein enough inevitably leads to. As history and present experience show, there are infernally as well as celestially related forms of genius. Dean Inge, though a provivisectionist, in a letter read at Miss Lind-af-Hageby's protest meeting held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, said: "I quite agree that Dr. Voronoff's experiments are disgusting, etc." At the same meeting the Duchess of Hamilton moved a resolution to the effect that "this meeting protests against the revolting practice of grafting sex-glands from live monkeys into men, women and children, introduced by Dr. Voronoff, considering the practice to be an offence against morality, hygiene, and decency."

The diversity of degrees of mental capacities makes us liable to mistake our deficiencies and limitations for superior endowments. Moral idiocy in its many forms and degrees is quite overlooked, especially in the oracles of physiological science, who mistake it for superior illumination. In view of the multitude of religious geniuses which the history of the human race presents, of whom Christ is the teleiosis, and to which the race entirely owes its evolutional progress, those destitute of such exalted forms of conscious relativity are no more qualified to deny their existence than persons who cannot distinguish between any two notes are qualified to deny the existence of musical genius; or the colour-blind to deny the existence of colours which they cannot perceive.

Does not the fact that the natives in some countries where monkeys abound never doubt that they are incarnations of lost human souls, give the belief intrinsic weight quite apart from my opinion?

Is it not obviously an abstract truth that one form of exorbitance in relation to nature begets another, whether the Atlanteans incurred it or not?

Darwin pays a tribute to missionaries in referring to the security of life in some of the aboriginal lands he had visited, where missionaries had been, as compared with those where they had not. Had his mind represented a higher order of abstract insight he would have perceived that the injunction of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is the potential nucleus of all evolution.

Voronoffism is so morally repulsive as to recall the obsession which Goethe makes Mephistopheles give expression to: "No, no, say I, to everything that tries to bubble into being"; and its votaries belong to the same category as the irrepressible birth-control agitators. Mr. Churchill prophesies that as a result of the indomitable efforts of those emissaries of death: "Within a generation the population of this country will consist of a large number of old people supported by the labours of a small number of young people." And Dr. Halliday Sutherland, honorary secretary of the League of National Life, says: "The statistics are tantamount to the writing on the wall, 'God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.'"

That the spirit of nature, the veiled divinity of truth, does not reveal the sacred mysteries of the esoteric principles by which she operates the occult drama of life to those who resort to morally lawless and repulsive means to extort them from her, Goethe knew when he wrote:—

> "If from her spirit thine receives,
> When hushed it listens and believes,
> Secrets revealed; else vainly sought,
> Her true gift when man questions not;
> Think not with lever or with screws,
> To wring them out if she refuse."

—I am, Sir, &c., M. L. JOHNSON.

6 *The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol.*

"GENEVA AND THE KELLOGG PACT"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—What on earth does M. William Martin mean in his article on "Geneva and the Kellogg Pact," when he says, "We at Geneva cannot but regret," etc.? I have never understood that anyone has the slightest authority to speak for any such heterogeneous "we" on any political subject at Geneva, and it is a preposterous presumption to attempt to do so.

As for the particular point to which M. Martin refers, his supposition that if it had not been for Sir Austen Chamberlain's reservations the United States Government would have overthrown the Monroe Doctrine by the signature and ratification of the Pact, is so amazingly naïve that I am afraid some of the woolliness of the Geneva atmosphere must have crept into M. Martin's usually clear mind. It is, of course, absurd to imagine any such thing merely because a supposed mouthpiece of Mr. Borah—whose influence in the United States is grossly exaggerated in Europe—chooses to express the view that Sir Austen Chamberlain has prevented so noble a renunciation. No serious politician believes it; I have found no serious American who believes it, and those who know the mind of the State Department give positive assurances that there was never the slightest idea of such a thing.

The perpetuation of the fallacy that Great Britain is always the villain of the piece, while in Europe France is the moral hero and in the rest of the world America, becomes at times rather boring for those who prefer a realist view of things.—I am, Sir, &c., A GENEVA RESIDENT.

"A MINE OF WEALTH"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Like others I have been deeply interested in the article on "A Mine of Wealth," in the current issue of the *Spectator*, outlining so clearly some of the general factors connected with the proposed exploitation of the mineral wealth of the Dead Sea. Those of us who were faced with the problem of finding new means of producing potash when the usual supplies were cut off can hardly fail to be impressed by the prospect that it may perhaps be found possible to secure a new and almost inexhaustible source of this commodity.

Provided that such new supplies can be marketed cheaply and independently, their importance to agriculture can hardly be overestimated. At the same time, problems of the first magnitude appear to be involved—technical, financial, political, &c.—and, since the exploitation of the Dead Sea salts has now been under discussion for quite a long time, the examination of some of these problems should have reached a stage at which a fuller presentation of the facts might interest the public. The writer of the article in the *Spectator* is apparently familiar with much of the inner history of the developments which have taken place during the last few years; at any rate it would be most valuable if his general presentation of the problem could be supplemented in this direction.—I am, Sir, &c.,

SCIENTIST.

SAVING RURAL ENGLAND

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have read, with great interest, the articles and correspondence which have recently appeared in your paper, in connexion with the Society for the Preservation of Rural England.

Mr. Guy Dawber's lament that the owners of wayside filling stations have not for the most part seen fit to call in an architect to design their buildings, is exactly what I pointed out in my letter to the *Times* of April last. Unfortunately, as will be patent to an observer, the average owner of wayside filling stations has no appreciation of art or any idea of the commercial value of beauty. We cannot, however, suppose that the controllers of the large oil interests in this country are equally ignorant, and it is amazing that they should not have attempted to give a lead to their retail agents by presenting them with a set of drawings designed by an architect who has a proper appreciation of the materials suited to the particular district in which erection is to take place.

This course would be easily attained if the various oil and petrol groups concerned would promote a competition open to all British architects under the auspices of the R.I.B.A. for, say, four types, varying in size and texture, to suit different districts, adopting a unit type, so that the small wayside man could add to his building and still maintain its character as occasion demanded. Once this was done and the opportunity given to oil retailers to put their house in order, a direct appeal might then be made to the motoring public through such bodies as the A.A. and the R.A.C., requesting that they should, whenever possible, support only those filling stations which had made a serious effort to preserve the amenities of the countryside in which they are established.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THOMAS H. MAWSON.

High Street House, Lancaster.

RURAL HOUSING IN SCOTLAND

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I cannot claim a long, intimate knowledge of farm cottages in Dumfriesshire such as your correspondent, Mr. Dinwiddie, has, but I live in one.

It does not differ in any material respect from others in the district. It consists of thick stone walls without any damp course, stone floors unevenly laid on the earth, doors, windows, and fireplaces. There is no water; it has to be carried between one and two hundred yards. There is no sink; dirty water has to be emptied on the side of the road, where, to judge by the luxuriant crop of grass, it would appear to have excellent fertilizing qualities. There is no cupboard or shelf of any description whatever.

It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that I am inclined to agree with your correspondent, Mr. Haddon, in his estimate of the convenience of farm cottages rather than with that of Mr. Dinwiddie, even in Dumfriesshire. I think it is no exaggeration to say that in the majority of cases they are shelters without any conveniences whatever, though it is true the fireplaces may be so considered, as they are certainly an improvement on the old fire in the middle of the floor with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape.—I am, Sir, &c., DUMFRIESSHIRE COTTAGER.

CETERA DESUNT

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Mr. Fowler's letter on this subject, though apparently, as you point out, an appeal for even more money, is at least deserving of consideration; and as Hon. Sec. of an Association that has been trying for many years to make higher education less expensive, especially in India, where its cost is largely prohibitive, I feel bound, with your permission, to indicate how we hope to lighten the burden to the parents. Our idea was to make the pupils pay for their own education by their own subsequent work; but now, in India at any rate, it is proposed to make children cultivate a garden as part of their education, and so earn as much for their parents in the form of garden produce as they would earn in some casual occupation, so "earning while learning," and not ceasing to learn, as they do now, at too early an age. There is no reason why an agricultural or horticultural life should be one of "unintelligent drudgery." Even the completely illiterate ryot is by no means unintelligent: quite the contrary. Let us try to combine manual with mental education.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. B. PENNINGTON.

3 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*

A GERMAN HOUSE IN IRELAND

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—As one who has just returned from a short holiday in Killarney, I feel I must criticize your "Dublin Correspondent's" letter in your issue of August 4th. He mentions, when writing of the "many signs of German enterprise in the country," "a spacious, handsome building" which has been imported from Hamburg and "now stands beside the Kenmare road, the admiration of all."

This building, not unlike a highly coloured doll's house, would possibly be suited to a suburban town, but it becomes repulsive in such glorious surroundings. It does not tone with the environment, and it disfigures the wonderful countryside of "Beauty's Home." Far from being the "admiration of all," as your correspondent suggests, the local residents do not appreciate it. Any jaunting-car driver will point it out to you on the road to Muckross, and scornfully state that "it is a house brought over from Germany." He will not tell you what he thinks about it, unless you press him, but he leaves you to form your own opinion from its ugly shape and multi-coloured finish.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Walthamstow, E. 17. F. G. ELLIOT.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

"CHEYNE."

In reply to Mr. A. G. Mullins, Cheyne Walk takes its name from Chayney, the one-time owner of the property thereabout. It retains the phonetic pronunciation of Chayney. There are many similar instances in English proper names and place names. Thus, Caius College, Cambridge, retains the pronunciation of its founder's name, Keys; Magdalen College, Oxford, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, were originally written Maudelayne; now the second syllable is dropped and the last shortened.—T. MAYNARD SAUNDERS, Savage Club, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

ELECTROCUTION OF CATS AND DOGS.

Amongst your readers there may be some who know with certainty, and can make it clear to the unprofessional mind, that the electrocution of cats and dogs at any of the homes and refuges where it is practised is painless. I have tried unsuccessfully to get evidence on the point. Is an animal conscious or unconscious during the period between first exposure to the current and death? A very disturbing element in the case is that the first effect of the current is to produce a state of complete muscular paralysis, which makes it impossible for the animal to move or utter a sound; thus the animal can give no indication of any pain which it may feel. It seems certain, however, that if pain is felt it is very severe. Many of us believe, and all of us devoutly hope, that the animal is at once rendered unconscious when exposed to the current. Can it be shown that the belief is correct?—R. O. P. PADDISON, Bownham, Stroud, Glos.

AMERICAN BLIGHT.

Methylated spirit is, I believe, better than paraffin for trees affected with American Blight. Also rigorous summer pruning in the case of old trees. Over twenty years ago we "inherited" a tree that seemed gone beyond hope of recovery. "Cutting down" was suggested; but, like the man in the parable, I begged for its life. I bought a long pruner, nipped off all young, feathery shoots, and burnt them at once. Then with a paint brush I painted the knotted trunk and lower branches with methylated, and have repeated the treatment whenever needed since. Result—the tree is still going strong, bearing well, and is the pride of—SOPHIA H. E. LANGMAID, 5 Corbett Road, Cardiff.

Lighter Lyrics

The Strike

SMALL Chloe heard her Mummy say,
"Now, Nurse, be careful of the light!
This dreadful strike has come to stay
And we must save both day and night.
Turn down the gas-ring when it flares
And switch the lights off on the stairs."

Small Chloe, who was four years old,
Thought much about the sin of waste
When she had heard her Mummy scold.
At dusk to Nurse she ran in haste:
"Turn out the light," was her remark,
"Because it wastes the precious dark!"

Questions at Breakfast

WHEN little Jan was five years old
She fixed me with a thoughtful eye
Above her Quaker oats,
And, while her food was getting cold,
She asked, and waited my reply:
"Why are there goats?"

With craft my answer I deferred
And placed some bacon on a plate
With fork and knife,
But little Jan was undeterred.
Ruthless she asked me, stern as Fate:
"Why is there Life?"

"Now Jan," I said, "please hurry up
And let such silly questions be.
Why waste your breath?
Drink up your milk—here, take the cup."
"But why," said Jan, and gazed at me:
"Why is there Death?"

D. M. HOLLAND.

Some Books of the Week

A SHORT line of houses, just over a mile long, links Edinburgh Castle with the Abbey and House of Holyrood—a length which Lockhart (Scott's Lockhart) thought the most "impressive" street in Britain. The impressiveness in it that appeals to the eye is conveyed by some particularly charming drawings and many excellent photographs which illustrate Mr. R. T. Skinner's *The Royal Mile* (Oliver and Boyd, 5s.). Mr. Skinner's part in the book is briefly but clearly to describe the historical associations, the almost innumerable bloody and romantic incidents which have crammed themselves into that picturesque length of street, where lived at one time or another most of Scotland's great, notorious, or intriguing figures. Still there stands in it the house of John Knox; in the Lawnmarket stood the "land" of that rigid Covenanter, celebrated even in Scotland for his gift of extempore prayer, Major Weir, who superintended the hanging of Montrose, and was himself burnt at Gallowlee for incest, sorcery, and murder. And in New Street off the Canongate (the street of the Holyrood Canons) lay the house of Henry Home, Lord Kames, to whom it fell in 1780 to try a former chess-partner, one Matthew Hay, for murder; on the jury's returning a verdict of guilty, this judicial humorist exclaimed, "That's checkmate for you, Matthew." "Somewhat coarse in his manners," wrote Scott of the judge, and one remembers Johnson's "You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you him." The book contains many good stories.

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It is a pleasure to find an English student of Racine courageous enough to publish a translation of his delightful comedy *Les Plaideurs*—and a translation in rhymed anapaests which reproduce much more nearly than blank verse the effect of the original. Mr. W. R. Dunstan is much to be congratulated on his witty and accurate version, under the title of *The Litigants* (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d.). The well-known trial scene, in which Daudin interrupts the prosecutor's interminable harangue with his "Nay, let us pass to the Deluge, Sir, pray!" is as amusing as ever. Amateur dramatic societies should take note.

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Mr. E. V. Lucas has composed a most intelligent little guide-book to Paris in *Introducing Paris* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.). He shows himself a strong but discerning Francophile, and there are few visitors who will not appreciate what Mr. Lucas says as to the slight but important differences in the rhythm of English and French life. We wish Mr. Lucas had had space to attempt some explanation of how these different customs have arisen, but it would, no doubt, be a most difficult task. Instead, he gives us a competent chapter on the history of Paris, and another on Notre Dame and the Cité, and a third on Great Streets. He almost frightens us out of ever going near the Louvre again, so graphic is his description of its size. It is, he says:—

> "the largest palace in the world, covering an area of nearly fifty acres and involving on the part of the sightseer heroic feats of pedestrianism. This is why the great majority of visitors to the Louvre content themselves with the pictures."

We must commend his very useful chapter on the surrounding country.

* * * *

Golfers who know Hoylake will be interested in *West Kirby and Hilbre: a Parochial History* by Mr. John Brownhill (Liverpool: Henry Young and Sons, 10s. 6d.), for the famous links are in the quiet Wirral parish and Mr. Bernard Darwin has written an excellent chapter on the rise and progress of the Royal Liverpool Club from 1869. Apart from golf, the book is a model of what a local history should be, for it contains all the details about descents of manors and the like that the antiquary needs and at the same time it gives an interesting account of the gradual development of this sandy peninsula between Dee and Mersey into a populous suburb of Liverpool. Hilbre, at the very point, used to be a busy shipping centre when vessels had grown too large to go up to Chester, and William III.'s army for Ireland in 1689 embarked at Hoylake. Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," went there for sea-bathing in 1794 and stayed at the first hotel built in the sandhills. In early Victorian days a racecourse was laid out but did not flourish. Mr. W. G. Collingwood deals with the few Norse or pre-Norman remains found in West Kirby and there are many good illustrations and maps.

* * * *

The Roumanians pride themselves on their Latin language and culture, while unfriendly critics have maintained that they are anything but a Latin race. To the highly controversial literature on this subject the late Professor Vasile Parvan's *Dacia* (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.) is a valuable correction. For the brilliant Roumanian scholar, whose book has been well translated by two Cambridge friends, Mr. Evans and Mr. Charlesworth, has sketched the early history of the whole region overshadowed by the Carpathians and traversed by the Danube and shown that for many centuries it was in close contact with Italy. Scythians, Greeks and Romans in turn influenced or dominated it, and the Roman tradition was impressed most deeply by the many Roman veterans who settled down on their farms in what was then called Dacia and who did not leave with legions. Professor Parvan contends that, while Pannonia—the modern Serbia and Croatia—succumbed to the barbarians because it was inhabited by mixed races, Dacia, the home of one strong race, contrived to keep its Roman culture, though it was isolated. To this extent, at least, he confirms the orthodox view. His little work is solidly based on the results of many excavations, of which little has been heard here, and it is illustrated with some notable photographs.

* * * *

Mr. Lange, the warden of a most attractive and characteristically Danish school for smallholders at Odense, writes *A Danish View of British Farming* (John Lane, 1s.) to emphasize two definite and distinct points. Negatively, he holds that our system of tenure is at fault, and positively believes in small farms owned by the cultivators. Another Danish critic of English agriculture said—to the horror of our farmers—that rents were too low, on the theory that low rents encouraged low farming and high rents high. Mr. Lange's argument is much the same. He thinks ownership actually more expensive for the owner than tenancy; but that compensation is found in the owner's desire to improve his property. "The magic of property," as early Chinese philosophers insisted, may convert loss into gain, labour into pleasure. The points are well and modestly argued: and worth the attention of our reformers. The one thing that spoils the analogy of England with Denmark is the inevitable comparison with us of industrial and agricultural wages. Envy of the factory kills the farm. It is curious that Mr. Orwin, who also has recently attacked our system of tenure in a remarkable book, argues in favour of more extensive farming. Perhaps both are right in regard to different districts.

* * * *

A delightful and original child's magazine is *John Martin's Book*, published monthly from 33 West Forty-ninth Street, New York City, at 40 cents a copy, or £1 a year to England. It has an individual note which is rather rare in these days of great newspaper combines, and is informed with a spirit of childhood which is hard to define but plain to discern. Mr. Martin called at this office yesterday, having just arrived from America for the purpose of lunching with a twelve-year-old reader in Paris and her father. To-day he flies to France. To-morrow he flies back and the next day returns to New York. That is the way of the world to-day.

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We regret that by an unfortunate error we described the author of *Hudibras* as Bishop Butler in a note last week. The *first* Samuel Butler was far from being a Bishop!

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Owing to pressure on our space our weekly League of Nations article is held over this week. Our Geneva correspondent will send us his usual *résumé* of events from the headquarters of the League for September 8th.

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A New Competition and a report on the last Competition will be found on page 274.

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(*"More Books of the Week" and "General Knowledge Competition" will be found on pages* 274 *and* 277.)

Our Sacred Lunatic

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island. By H. G. Wells. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

HERE is Mr. Wells at his best, working to a theme so accommodating that he can display the savagery of Swift, the caricatures of his lighter mood and the pastels of a subtle fancy without jostling or confusion. His *rôle* is that of a madman, viewing us all with very lively eyes. "Such demented figures," Mr. Blettsworthy writes, are "a *rocking* influence among the complicated balances of savage and barbaric communities. They enable little wedges of innovation to be driven into the tight mosaic of custom and precedent."

We have learned to approach a new Wells with suspicious reverence, for it is always uncertain what the master will do next. There was the bulky ore of *Clissold* from which the patient reader may mine some very fine gold indeed. There was the crude and careless stuff of *Meanwhile*. There have been the later essays, uneven, controversial, brilliant, comparing ill with the craftsmanship in *Tales of Space and Time*, for instance. And here we have a blessed return to the old manner of *Polly* and *Kipps*, with fantasy and philosophy in their right place, making patterns in the weave of a delightful story. To the graces of genius are here added the insights of maturity. Mr. Blettsworthy is in a place by himself among the Wells' heroes, subtler perhaps, but not less vivacious than Mr. Lewisham and far more original than that urgent creature, for Blettsworthy is really insane, not merely in love.

He is a queer little boy, this Arnold Blettsworthy, proud of his ancient line, although his mother was of mixed Portuguese and Syrian origin, with a dash of Madeira, where he was born. He was brought up first by an aunt at Cheltenham and then by a kind clergyman uncle, whose death is told in a few very delicate touches. Blettsworthy goes to Oxford and later falls in love with a tobacconist's daughter, whose enchanting fairness he saw shining "through the interstices of the packets of tobacco and cigarettes, like the sun through leaves." After graduation, he starts a bookshop at Oxford with a false friend, who not only absconds with his money but betrays him with the blonde Olive. Returning unexpectedly from London, he overhears her sighing: "Well, if you ain't the champion kisser!" He rushes in and flings Chianti flasks about in a very proper rage.

His faith shattered in man and womankind, his poor head goes wrong and a nervous breakdown follows. However, he has been left comfortably off and Mr. Ferndyke, the family solicitor, arranges for a long sea voyage. "You have known the Upper Thames long enough—a rivulet for boys to splash in. Go down now to the Lower Thames, which is the estuary for the whole world. Start there again. You have lost your youth and that is gone for ever. What of it, Mr. Blettsworthy? Go out and find the man."

So Blettsworthy with his disillusions and his Oxford outlook finds himself on a tramp steamer, bound for Pernambuco and Rio. "The Kentish watering-places, mere stains of illumination upon the selvage of the night, drifted by and passed away. . . . Swaying and tumbling water, a greyish blue sky and nothing but ourselves." Three-quarters of the planet Earth are like this. We are not in the "open" here, but prisoners: water and windy air are the enormous walls of our incarceration: "there is no real freedom but in the roads and paths of a land of kindly people."

The Captain, with his sandy lashes and bitter mouth, is his bugbear. Terror leads his tongue astray. "Have you ever gone in for archery, Captain?" he asked. The Captain paused in his eating for a moment and then made a sound that was partly a short, sharp bite and partly the word "What?" The same evening, trying to make some contribution to the conversation, which was concerned with the disposal of the cargo, he asked, "What are these bulkheads you speak of?" The mate made no reply, but during the course of the voyage he dropped the second syllable of "Mister" by imperceptible degrees, until at last he was known to all the ship's officers as Miss Blettsworthy.

The engines of the 'Golden Lion' break down. There is a terrific storm. Any of us who thought that Mr. Wells had lost a little the sharpness of earthly vision by focussing so much on Utopia, must think again after reading of the cry in the darkness that presaged the first murder done by the Captain, how the storm came which silenced the 'Golden Lion's' crazy engines, of the mutiny of the crew, of the derelict ship, of the shark that shadowed him and of his meditation on the "unchristian stars" as he was going mad. The shark tells him that "'the swallowing will distract you from the drowning and the drowning from the swallowing, and as I shall probably snap too, your attention may be so confused in the rush of these various excitements that you will hardly grasp for a moment that you are even beginning to suffer.'—I told him I would rather hear nothing of these technical points." Then looking up he wonders why the churches have never made the Southern Cross their own. "There serene and unassailed ruled the ancient gods. But how wonderful there had never been a Christian conquest of the stars!" . . . The funnel becomes the Captain, who has stayed on board in that disguise, to make sure the ship goes down. He attacks it with a hatchet. Savages of a dark buff colour come on board and overpower him.

He was taken to Rampole Island and thrown into a palisade, among a brutish people. An elder of the tribe, Chit, wearing a cylindrical crown, rescued him from being eaten, by proclaiming him insane and therefore immune from The Reproof. The Reproof was one of the many elegant synonyms current on the island, whose language was full of circumlocutions and whose customs were extremely complex and formal: it consisted of a blow on the head administered by a powerful savage equipped with a hardwood club weighing two hundredweight and set with shark's teeth. The result was then "reconciled"—*i.e.*, the viscera was placed on the altar of the Great Goddess and the edible portions distributed to the people as the Gift of the Friend. It would have been the height of indelicacy to mention human flesh. The slightest infringement of innumerable taboos, however, led to the Reproof and to the altar of the Goddess, so that the higher ranks of the social pyramid were provided with a permanent edible class. Marriage was difficult:—

> "The candidate husband had to satisfy some rigorous tests had to draw a satisfactory straw from a bunch in the hands of the soothsayer and had to comply with the requisite conditions for building a hut. Because of these impediments and because of the polygamy of the elders, a considerable proportion of the tribe remained perforce formally celibate, subjected to the impulses of a gross dietary and unclean habits and to the incessant vigilance of friends and neighbours alert for any slip that might lead to the high altar of the Great Goddess and the cooking pots."

There were a multitude of traps for the unobservant, unlucky, or recalcitrant. But Blettsworthy, who broke all the rules he could, was safe, for Chit, the soothsayer, had proclaimed him to be a Sacred Lunatic, whose words none but he might interpret. Clad in a skull head-dress and an unsavoury skin, he was free to wander as he pleased observing many strange things. There was the taboo against climbing out of the dark valley, for instance, to the sunlit uplands. And there was the worship of the Sloths. The little tree sloths, pets of the real directors of the tribe, were brought out at festivals to climb about on a red-dyed perch. These harmless animals were supposed to whisper wisdom to the directors and the common people were devoted to them. The big sloths, or Megatheria were malevolent, old, cunning, poisonous monsters who lived on the uplands, destroying buds and growing points of trees, and not breeding themselves, but wasting and stinking other things out of existence. These clumsy monsters came to him as a stupendous biological shock, for he had not thought that the brisk and bracing doctrine of evolution can sometimes be but "a graceless drift to a dead end." He saw it now, however, "as one sees things when one crouches close to a smoky fire amidst moonlit scrub and thinks to the tune of running water and the snoring of a savage. . . . With one of those leaps thought takes at times across vast gulfs of irrelevance, it occurred to me that states, organizations, institutions breed as little, have no more natural death nor any greater willingness to die than these Megatheria."

There was love, of course, on Rampole Island. But the islanders were fierce, greedy, mistrustful. "They feared and resented the physical attraction that drew them together." The pick of the girls went to sages, ceremonial assistants, steersmen of canoes, net and hut makers, moral guardians and other leaders. The higher a girl could find her protector, the safer she felt from the Reproof:—

"She would be torn between a natural desire for some friendly and gallant, if oily, youth, and the practical advantage of some tatooed ancient's prestige. The thought of the Reproof would always restrain her from any freedom with the youth, but a rankling dissatisfaction would fill her with a thirsty desire to see her elderly conqueror uncomfortable and ill. The love story of the Island, therefore, was never the free and pleasant thing it can be under civilized conditions. It was saturated with insincerities, poisoned by reluctant submissions and tempered satisfactions."

One day he saw a girl knee-deep in the weeds of a lonely tarn. Suppose she was no pestiferous savage, but some refugee from his old world? The hunger at his heart played with such an improbability. Suddenly she flung herself in the water. The ancient traditions of the Blettsworthys stormed up in our hero. He cast his skull head-dress aside and his smelly mantle and plunged in. He fought for her life and his in the brackish water. Wena, as she was called, became his wife. She crouched beside him, giving him food out of a basin. Under his head was a pillow. Their eyes met.

He is not on Rampole Island at all, but in New York. The struggle to save a woman from drowning in the Hudson has restored his reason. Rowena is her name. Chit the soothsayer is Dr. Minchett, who explains how he was rescued from the 'Golden Lion' by a scientific expedition hunting for traces of Megatheria. He has been mad for years; Rowena has restored his reason—he is in the real sane world, which is just embarking on the Great War. Mr. Ferndyke, the solicitor, returns and is recognized as one of the elders of the tribe. He urges on his client the duty of "doing his bit," which Mr. Blettsworthy does, unwillingly enough, but creditably. The War and its aftermath, with some pages on Sacco and Vanzetti (who threaten our hero's reason again) are telescoped into an unnecessary and inartistic conclusion. The book should have ended on the first evening of Blettsworthy's sanity at the flat on Brooklyn Heights, with America in the grip of the War fever and sunset aflame in the windows of the mightiest living cities.

But of Rampole Island we could never have too much. Will not Mr. Wells tell us some more about Arnold Blettsworthy? This new Gulliver is too good to die in our generation. One feels he has seen more than he tells: certainly there should be another volume of his adventures.

F. Y-B.

The Great Commoner

Bryan: The Great Commoner. By J. C. Long. (Appleton. 15s.)

For fifteen years William Jennings Bryan led the Democratic Party to defeat. Three times he was adopted as candidate for the Presidency of the United States and three times he failed. The Democrats grew restive. To some of them it began to seem that Bryan was an inescapable liability, a family curse.

In 1907 Woodrow Wilson wrote to a friend:—"Would that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat!" At the convention of 1912 a delegate jumped up in a fury, pointed his finger at him and screamed: "I will give 25,000 dollars to anyone who will kill him." But still the farmers of the West continued to call him "The Great Commoner" and "The Peerless Leader." He was their man; he was their cause. They were solidly behind him, and nothing could be done without their support.

In the end Bryan sacrificed his claims to leadership. He declared himself for Wilson and used all his influence to get him elected. He triumphed in his triumph and served him with complete loyalty. It is hard to realize at what a cost in personal ambition that gesture was made. It was the death of the schoolboy's dream. Bryan saw himself passing out of the schoolbooks of his country, passing out of fame, passing out of history.

In a way the Western farmers were passing with him. He was the incarnation of their spirit and all his life his heart was with them. Like them he distrusted the banks; he distrusted big business men; he distrusted the intellectuals of the East coast. He fought always for the rights of the common man, he thought in terms of the ideals and the religion of the common man. His wide hat, string tie and alpaca coat were no affectation; they were his natural habit. On his Presidential campaigns those of his hosts who knew how to please him made up small paper parcels of radishes and stuffed them in his pocket. He sat and munched them on his journeys across America.

It is true that he was something more than a mere representative character and perhaps it was that something more which kept him from holding the highest offices. It was his oratory above all else which won the admiration of Nebraska and the neighbouring States. His speeches now have lost their vigour. They make no appeal when they are read in cold blood. But he always found the fit and heroic phrase to move his audience. From the beginning he had spoken in Biblical language, he had thought in Biblical metaphors. He had even won his wife by quotations from the Scriptures. When he went to gain the permission of her father for their marriage, he opened by saying: "Mr. Baird, I have been reading Proverbs a good deal lately and find that Solomon says, 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favour of the Lord.'" "Yes," answered Mr. Baird, "I believe that Solomon did say that, but Paul suggests that 'He that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.'" The Boy Orator, however, was not yet stumped. "Solomon will be the best authority on this point," he replied, "because Paul was never married while Solomon had a number of wives."

His application of Biblical language to politics was as effective; witness his famous "You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." When he had succeeded in seeing Prohibition made an article of the Constitution of his country, he preached a sermon on the victory and took for his phrase the text: "They are dead which sought the young child's life."

"A peculiar product of your country," said Asquith to Walter Hines Page. Neither of them had much reason to love him; for as Secretary of State under President Wilson he was working his hardest to keep America out of the war. Page was breaking his heart in his attempt to precipitate America's entry. Though Bryan was his chief he neglected him and wrote over his head to the President himself. Even after the sinking of the 'Lusitania,' Bryan was trying to arrange that it should be easy for Germany to apologize. He, on his side, was breaking his heart to keep the peace.

It was all part of that *touch more* he gave to his representative character, the touch which always prevented him from reaching success. Peace, which to his fellow countrymen was a hope, was to him a passion. He had held long conversations with Tolstóy; and though he was too much of a politician to put into practice with literalism his doctrine of non-resistance, it worked in his mind as a ferment and as an ideal.

It seemed always as if he could not prevent these ideals of his from urging themselves forward at the most inconvenient times. If only he had kept strategically quiet during elections, had allowed the suspicions of business men and bankers to be smoothed over, had referred more vaguely to his plans for currency reform, had gone more slowly with his anti-monopolist, anti-imperialist, semi-socialist programmes, there can be little doubt that he would have succeeded in becoming President of the United States. But then he would have been other than the man he was. With his enthusiastic and narrow character he was more of a crusader than a statesman.

It was the same with all his activities. When he was given an audience with the Tsar he impressed upon him the virtues of democracy and self-government, and followed up his statements with some comments on free speech. "I thought he needed to hear about it," he told his wife afterwards, "and he seemed quite interested." When he gave his first official luncheon to the heads of all the embassies, even before the time of the prohibition, he broke the usual custom by providing no wines. He explained himself so charmingly that no one was offended; and besides, the guests had been forewarned. The Russian Ambassador turned to

his neighbour and said that he had not tasted water for years: it was an interesting experience and in any case he had taken his claret before he came.

Mr. Long's biography affords us the queerest insight into the temper of American politics and the customs of the West. After one unsuccessful campaign for the Presidency, Bryan received from his sympathizers a stuffed alligator, a dog, four eagles and a mule. He received also scores of demands for the repayment of election bets that his supporters had lost, and a truckload of water melons which a Democratic widow insisted he should sell for her.

Bryan remained The Great Commoner. He missed the goal at which he aimed, the goal of proving himself the People's President. He failed in realism. Banks, business and behaviourism were too strong for him. In the end he became a laughing stock for his out-moded enthusiasms.

Recent Theology

Old Testament Essays. By R. H. Kennett, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

A Liturgical Study of the Psalter. By C. C. Keet, Ph.D. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

The Revision of the Liturgy. By G. F. Pollard. (Stockwell. 2s. 6d.)

The Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge has collected from various sources seven essays illustrating the development of religion in Israel. His article in Hastings's *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* on the origin of the Old Testament and the theories which that article contained are restated with an abundance of facts and new details in confirmation. A great deal of the subject-matter is highly technical, such as the enumeration of the four main documents, the Priestly Code, the Jahvistic and Elohistic elements, and the book of Deuteronomy, which Professor Kennett believes went to the making up of the Pentateuch. These have been the theme of long and familiar controversy. Much less familiar are some of the startling expositions and hypotheses which Dr. Kennett suggests for the elucidation of the text. But, familiar or not, let it at once be said that this is a book whose freshness and style will command the attention of the ordinary reader as well as the student.

Dr. Kennett is no dry-as-dust expositor. Many of his theories come as an absolute surprise. That there are discrepancies in the Pentateuch account, due to its different sources, and that many, if not most, of the "Psalms of David" are not Davidic at all—such facts lie on the surface for any thoughtful inquirer. We should place in a different category statements as that the supposed site of Eden was in Egypt; that its four rivers are really the Nile with its delta (which has seven outlets, by the way); that Noah existed, but not in connexion with a Flood; that Ham was a virtuous person, the offender being in reality Canaan; that there was no such person as Joseph, and that Elijah privily used naphtha to kindle his sacrifice on Carmel. Then the Wedding Psalm xlv. is made, with some confidence, to refer to the marriage of the impostor, Alexander Balas, the "Perkin Warbeck" of I. Maccabees, with Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy Philometor, King of Egypt. But then we have seen it also applied to the union of Ahab with Jezebel, owing to the verse about the "ivory palaces," and, putting aside its well-known Messianic applications, we are bound to say that the latter ascription has its poetical attractions, terrible as they are. Only, Dr. Kennett will have it that none of the Psalms is pre-exilic. As to the essay on the Day of Atonement, it is all so novel, and abounds in so many tentative "ifs" and "ans," that we can but acknowledge the learning and ingenuity of the author, and pass on, unconvinced. The strongest and most suggestive of the papers is, to our mind, that on Ezekiel. But all through, as in the theory that there were several sacred sites of worship in Israel, and that Hebron, older than Jerusalem, manifested jealousy of the central shrine, a jealousy requited by the hostility, and ended by the tragedy, of Josiah, we find abundant material for reflection and the revaluation of opinion. In any case, Dr. Kennett has given us the fruits of years of experienced study, as well as some over-ingenious guesswork. He holds our attention on every page.

Professor Box gives the authority of an appreciative preface to Dr. Keet's *A Liturgical Study of the Psalter*, a book which won for its writer the degree of Ph.D. from the University of London. It is a work expressly for students; in its ascription of the Psalms to the post-exilic period, while reserving the origin of some to pre-exilic days, it follows the lines mapped out by Professor Kennett, though, curiously enough, among a long list of authorities his name is never mentioned, except perhaps indirectly in the citation of Hastings's Dictionary. The author models himself especially on the studies of Zunz, Peters, St. John Thackeray, Elbogen, and Mowinckel. Those interested in the advancement of Bible study on the soundest lines will turn with interest to this elaborate and careful exposition of the development of the ritual, structure, and music of the Psalms. The influence of Jewish synagogue-worship on the *Missa Catechumenorum* of Christian liturgy receives some important pages of notice, and there is an exhaustive bibliography. Such work as this deserves wide recognition and welcome. It should be on every scholar's shelf.

It is probable that the majority of the laity are still entirely unaware why any proposals to alter the Communion Service should have been made. The changes in the Marriage Service and in the Burial Office are intelligible to everybody, and the greater number see their point once they come to read the revised services for themselves. But a perusal of the alternative Order for Holy Communion may still leave the question unanswered.

It is natural to assume that the alterations are made to please the Anglo-Catholics, and the intense opposition of the extreme kind of Protestants lends colour to the supposition. But now that it is clear that the Left-Wing Anglo-Catholics are no less determined in their opposition to the new Communion Service the ordinary moderate Churchman who regards the old service with the reverence that naturally attaches to some of his most sacred experiences may well wonder why on earth these suggestions should have been put forward. But he, of all people, is the man who most needs to study the new Liturgy; for it is in his interest that it has been compiled, and it is his sober and reticent faith that stands to lose, if the new liturgy be overwhelmed by the jarring voices of extremists. The only party that is likely to gain is that which desires the Latinization of the Church of England. Very timely and valuable then is Mr. Pollard's little book. It is probable that the reader may be repelled at first by the wealth of learned detail presented to him. But, unfortunately, in so highly technical a subject it is only possible by the careful study of such detail to arrive at a just judgment. Mr. Pollard would have done well to have cast his matter in a more inviting form; but he has at any rate provided the necessary materials, and those who are willing to give their minds to what he writes cannot fail to be interested and informed. Mr. Pollard shows how vital is the restoration of the Epiclesis, or Invocation of the Holy Spirit, if we are to escape from the extreme Latin teaching about the manner and meaning of consecration that is doing so much harm in the Church of England to-day. It is a teaching that fits our present service so well that many who wish to

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THE BODLEY HEAD

avoid it find themselves imperceptibly, against their will, slipping into it.

Mr. Pollard sometimes weakens his case by urging too forcibly his private opinions. But nobody can read his book without becoming persuaded that the new Communion Service is in line with the best Anglican traditions, and has certainly not been framed to please individuals and parties. He is justified in saying "that our leaders have been careful to steer the *via media*—the midway course of sweet reasonableness between the two extremes of pseudo-Romanism on the one hand and of a bigoted Romanism on the other."

Sir Peter-Paul Rubens

The Life of Sir Peter-Paul Rubens. By Anthony Bertram. (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.)

Mr. Bertram has given us a picture of Rubens the man and the diplomat, rather than of Rubens the painter. He traces the career of Sir Peter-Paul in the seventeenth century world of intrigue and corrupt politics from his upbringing under the care of an exceptional mother, to his first active participation in the world of art, when, at twenty-two, the Duke of Mantua took him into his service as court painter. In 1607 Rubens came to Antwerp to work under the patronage of Albert of Austria and Isabella, the Infanta of Spain, the joint Archdukes of the Netherlands. It was during this period of his career that he was commissioned by Maria, the wife of Henry IV. of France, to paint the famous series of gigantic pictures for the Luxembourg Palace, illustrating the lives of the "fat banker's daughter" and of Henry of Navarre, which difficult task he executed to the satisfaction of all. In fact, whatever task fell to the lot of Rubens, he accomplished successfully, whether it was to put a portrait of her husband into the finished picture of the Countess of Arundel, her dwarf, her fool, and her dog, or to bring the vacillating crowns of England and Spain to treat of peace.

His vitality, virility, and optimism—qualities easily recognized in his painting—were amazing. He founded in Antwerp a flourishing school of art, in which Jan Breughel "whose line was flowers," and Van Dyck, "who was useful all round," were among his collaborators.

Rubens loved three women in his life, his mother, his first wife Isabella Brandt, and Helena Fourment, a girl of sixteen whom he married when he was fifty-three. Wearied with the intricacies of the life of a diplomat, he settled down to the enjoyment of the company of his young wife, and to the pleasures of his art.

"When he painted himself about this time, he saw a man still hale, still bearing himself as a cavalier, his hat tilted jauntily and his cloak flung over his shoulder with a fine gesture. His left hand, that had so long held his precious palette, lay at rest on his swordhilt, strong and yet delicately tipped; his hair still fell luxuriously on to his fine ruff. It was the same face that he had painted many times before, with the same dandiacal beard and moustache, the same tender kindliness in the mouth; but now he found that his eyes no longer looked out on the world so confidently. They were a little sad and a little reflective. Though his art still sounded his triumphal joy in the eternal progress of nature, the eternal pulse of material life through all the universe, his spirit was wearied with unprofitable things. Kings and princes had passed before his discerning eyes, kings and princes whom he had served faithfully to little good; and he had learnt that the warm limbs of a peasant girl, or the rich harvest of autumn fields, counted for more in the mighty rhythm than all the sterile policies of courts. He had learnt to see God in a woman's breasts and the devil in a politician. Though he had been statesman and man of affairs, he learnt from his own eyes that he was an artist and a dreamer, neither artist nor dreamer of pallid twilights nor exotic nights, but the huge interpreter of high day, the prophet of health and vigour and fruitful beauty."

This book can be read and enjoyed by the layman, the historian, and the artist: Mr. Bertram has succeeded in giving a vivid picture of the colossal stage on which Rubens worked, so that we who admire his genius may appreciate his masterpieces with a fuller understanding.

The Postal Account

It is often supposed that to live a long way from the nearest branch of a bank, or to be constantly unable to go to the bank in person, is a handicap to the enjoyment of the full advantages which, it is admitted, a banking account offers. Perhaps it is assumed that to conduct an account by post involves 'more letter-writing', or is costly, or is not welcomed by the Bank. It is the aim of the Westminster Bank to dispel such misconceptions by a leaflet entitled *The Postal Account*, which explains the convenience of the method, and offers some clear suggestions.

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Releasing Rapture

Design in Modern Printing. Edited by Joseph Thorp. (Benn. 10s. 6d.)

That excellent body, the Design and Industries Association, if they had not a perfectly good motto of their own ("Fitness for purpose—pleasantness in use"), might adopt Mr. Masefield's lines:—

> "Beauty, through the darkness hurled.
> Be it through me you shame the world!"

Beauty, as Mr. Thorp says, is an aspect of the Divine, and a serious matter for all of us. He quotes and we requote from a pamphlet by Mr. Lethaby, for the words are too good to lose. They should echo throughout all England:—

"We have long confused ourselves by supposing that beauty is a special thing which is revealed to special adepts—artists!—critics!—and filters down only a little way from their remote altitude. Whereas special genius itself withers if it becomes 'precious' and is not in touch with daily reality. . . . To-day, a coal-delivery cart passed with a big horse so perfectly groomed and decked out with brightly-scoured dangling brasses and some vermilion trimming, that it has gladdened my heart all the time since. The sight of a Greek chariot could not have given me more delight, for this, too, was perfect."

Would that we all insisted on fitness for purpose and pleasantness in use in our daily lives! We need not often buy what is ugly, we need not often read what is stupidly set out. Sometimes, of course, we must do so in this imperfect world. Mass-produced things are inevitable in modern civilization and much of the prejudice against them is mere snobbery. A machine-made cigarette should be just as good as a hand-made one and is possibly more sanitary. A mass-produced motor-car body is often less given to rattle than more expensive hand-finished carriage work. But sometimes the manufacturers produce vile designs—"mournful complicated rubbish"—which we are compelled to buy until such time as the ideals of the Design and Industries Association continue the good work of Ruskin and William Morris, and this age is saturated with their ideals of simplicity, strength, utility.

When will someone design a decent electric fireplace, for instance? Mr. Thorp does not mention the delinquencies of electrical manufacturers, for his book is concerned chiefly with printing, but any reader who takes the trouble to do so, could think of a dozen articles of common use whose shape and design could be improved, without adding to their cost.

In Mr. Thorp's own craft, modern printing, there has been an enormous advance in quite recent years, chiefly no doubt because manufacturers and editors have found that good type and attractive "lay out" produces an immediate reaction on the reader. As Sir Lawrence Weaver says in his introduction, this industry is "the most shining example of handcraft faithfully married to machine craft."

Why should not the names of railway stations be printed in extended type, so as to be plainly visible to passengers in motion? Why should Westminster Abbey be placarded with squalid notices? Why should not everyone who is sufficiently educated to use print, use it with due regard to margins, length of line, unity of type, and so on? The rules are simple enough in their essence. To draw up an advertisement with the maximum "pulling power" is the business of an expert: even he, however, finds he cannot disregard the claim of beauty, for the human mind will turn from a bad design, even if the eye be momentarily arrested thereby. But for the average administrator, whether he or she be schoolteacher, clergyman, butcher, baker, or secretary of a society, knowledge of good and evil printing is not hard to come by, and is of great importance not only because of the immediate results secured, but because it is a crime to engender and disseminate ugliness. We may all help to spread beauty. Mr. Thorp tells us very cleverly how to do so in one particular way, but what is true of the arrangement of type is true also of the arrangement of our lives. This is a book for Everyman therefore: he and she will laugh a good deal as they turn its pages, and will learn a good deal also. The matters of which it deals come very close to the lives of all educated people and they have rarely been more wittily or wisely considered.

Fiction

Women and Bureaucrats

We Sing Diana. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)
The Masqueraders. By Georgette Heyer (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
The Bureaucrats. By Georges Courteline. Translated by Eric Sutton. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

We Sing Diana is a title that rouses expectation of a study of modern women remembering Artemis. But, though the divisions of the novel bear headings like "The Sacred Grove" and "Mount Latmos," the matter is not moon-silvered. Nora Deming's life at an American girls' college, a New York university, and an incredible women's college in London is of a rather priggish and pedestrian kind. The conversations on social affairs are uninteresting; and nothing convinces us of the brilliance of Nora's history courses. Nora herself considers the segregation of women in their residential schools unhealthy and inhibiting; and when, after a brief love-experience in Cornwall, she returns as Dean to her college, it is to initiate liberating changes. A conscientious book, but dull!

In *The Masqueraders* we find a certain confusion of sex; but a gay and superficial confusion arranged as a disguise. A sister takes her brother's sword, and the brother uses her fan. The time is the eighteenth century, just after the '45; and the masqueraders are the children of an adventurous father who has been implicated in the rising. They are charming young people; and the elegant life of the period sets them off very prettily, though sometimes embarrassingly. The figures point and prance in monstrous fine clothes like those in Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations to *The Rape of the Lock*. What with elopements, rescues, duels, and cards, the story goes excitingly; and finally the magnificent but dubious father proves himself a Viscount. It is a picturesque and engaging story.

After these very diverse feminist books, comes, entirely masculine, *The Bureaucrats* of the French humorist, M. Georges Courteline. These scenes from the Department of Gifts and Legacies are certainly masterpieces of cruel derision; but whether the attentive reader will break into the "chuckles" expected by the publisher is a doubtful matter. English satire, once ferocious enough, may have become too polite. French satire at its best is more subtle than this. But the spectacle of men steadily bound to a sedentary occupation does generally arouse a caricaturing frenzy in French writers. Some of M. Courteline's effects, like the wanderings of the lost Curator, and the excuses of M. Lahrier, are perfections of mockery. But insanity, murder, mania, senseless brutality, wrought up into however powerful an impression, do not provoke mirth. The Director rises to great heights of lyric absurdity, certainly. It is a merciless, devastating denunciation.

R. A. T.

The Difficult Road

Youth Rides Out. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)

Youth rides out to adventure, but disillusionment lurks around the corner. It is a familiar enough theme, but Mrs. Seymour, a true artist, gives new life to it. She does so the more successfully because she avoids excitement and drama. It is a plain, everyday tale that she tells—of lovers unsuited to each other as partners; of the difficulty of one human being's seeing another's point of view; of the interference of relatives; and of the tyranny of custom and environment. The prelude introduces us to Mark Borden, an idealistic dreamer far ahead of his time, who marries the most mediocre and domestic of women. Mark dies, leaving a son, Lindsay, who inherits a double portion of his spirit. Lindsay, too, dreams of a wife who shall be a perfect mate for mind and soul. But, in the fever of youth, he marries Camilla, the beautiful young daughter of Henry Neale, a prosperous Liverpool biscuit manufacturer. Henry's wife, Amabel, had intended Camilla for someone better than a poor, if rising, veterinary surgeon; and from the start she seems to wean Camilla from Lindsay.

Step by step, with incisive realism mellowed by pity, Mrs. Seymour follows the disintegration of youthful happiness. Lindsay hates his father-in-law's politics and Big Business, and refuses to accept monetary help from him, all the more insistently because he has what he considers Camilla's best interest at heart, and wants her to grow up not a parasite, but a resourceful, independent woman. Amabel, on the other hand, hates Camilla's living in a small home, beneath the Neale dignity; while Camilla herself, who before marriage has never had even to put a lump of coal on the fire, finds that her failure as housewife, especially after the birth of her son, brings her not only drudgery but shame. Eventually, she leaves Lindsay, and lives, shielded and pampered, at her family's country seat; while her mother, though knowing his innocence, snatches at circumstantial evidence to besmirch Lindsay's reputation and to secure her daughter's freedom. Camilla, after impulsively revisiting Lindsay and spending a night with him—for passion, if not love, still exists between the two—marries her cousin Neville, and dies shortly afterwards in a street accident.

The latter part of the story reintroduces some of the characters of *Three Wives*. In especial, Tony Warren, the veterinary enthusiast, unhappily married to a husband who disapproves of careers for women, reappears. She applies for the post of assistant to Lindsay, and the two fall fully and sincerely in love, each seeing in the other the true comrade desired. Lindsay is passionately tempted, but finally holds by his high spiritual standards and dismisses Tony from his service. While, however, Mrs. Seymour gives Lindsay full credit for consistency, and presents him as possessing fine and rare qualities, she reveals his weak points as vividly as those of Camilla, whose faults are all on the surface. Mrs. Seymour's implicit judgment on her own characters is, indeed, admirably balanced and fair. Her people are real human beings, and their fortunes engross us because they are described not merely with accurate observation, but with sensitive and subtle understanding.

G. T.

THE LEGEND OF TYL ULENSPIEGEL. By Charles de Coster. Translated by F. M. Atkinson. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)—This admirably and inexpensively produced edition of Mr. Atkinson's translation of de Coster's great historic romance is meant to coincide with the performance of the symphonic work built by Strauss round his idea of Tyl Ulenspiegel. This sportive character, who may originally have been a German peasant living in the thirteenth century, became a farcical hero in the chap-books of the fifteenth, by his jests and pranks expressing the retaliation of the country-folk on the lettered and the lordly who despised them. Coarse enough in his early shape, he became very popular in Europe,

passing into England as Howlglas, and softening considerably in Italy and France, where "espièglerie" offers an example of a rather sublimated word. Charles de Coster, initiating by his patriotic masterpiece a Belgian literary Renaissance he did not live to see, seized on Tyl to represent the soul of his people during the heroic struggle of Flanders against the dominion of Spain. His hero is born in Damme, that dead town near Bruges where stone ladies and knights still gaze at a deserted market-place. Tyl Ulenspiegel, his mother Soetkin, his father Claes, his sweetheart Nele, his friend Lamme Goedzak, amazingly alive as human beings, have each a symbolic significance. It is after the iniquitous death by fire of Claes that the wanderings of his son take on an impassioned purpose, and the book becomes a magnificent adumbration of the Flemish genius. The narrative rises into exaltations of pride, suffering, mockery, as the "Beggars" draw towards their deliverer, the Silent Prince of Orange. It is no impartial history; the potentates of Spain are seen through the eyes of an exasperated folk, robbed of its liberties, as dreamlike monsters. But the imaginative picture is superb. The Rubens women laugh behind the feasters at the Kermesse; the smoke rises from the pyres of witch and heretic; the proud bell Roland cries from the tower of Ghent; falconets salute the Procession of the Blessed Blood in Bruges; the Provost of Madcaps cannot make King Philip laugh; the reiters chase their naked victims; the armourers sweat in secret for the Silent; garlanded lovers walk by the Minnewater; brocaded girls playing on the viol prove to be death's spies and are forgiven for their beauty; Tyl and Nele use the balsam of vision and gaze on Lucifer, Prince of the Springtide. "Wild head and weak heart," these two represent the soul of their land, and are deathless. This generous book deals out great gifts of sympathy, mirth and wisdom; and Mr. Atkinson's translation, doing full justice to the colour and breadth of the original, probably emphasizes the haunting sweetness of its more delicate moments, and the fine craft of its refrains.

THE HASTY MARRIAGE. By Grant Richards. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)—Terence Starrett is the son of the proprietor of an Oxford Street store. Just down from Oxford, he visits a Mediterranean resort, where he selects from among the bathing beauties an American girl, who, he thinks, on eugenic grounds, would make a good wife. He persuades her into a hasty marriage; but she immediately deserts him and his incensed father stops his allowance. It is not until the girl's father arrives from America, and, learning that Starrett senior is about to be raised to the Peerage, offers to settle a million pounds on Terence if he is allowed to marry his daughter, that all ends happily. The story is farcical, and there is a pert vigour about Mr. Richards' cynicism, but there is a good deal of mere facetiousness too.

More Books of the Week

(*Continued from page* 268.)

The majority of Russians to-day feel that there can never be a return to the old *régime* if the present Soviets should be subversed. A somewhat shadowy but none the less interesting alternative is suggested by M. Malevsky-Malevitch in *A New Party in Russia* (Routledge, 3s. 6d.), and his essay is well worth the attention of those who want to know what some modern Russians, at any rate, think of the future of their country. The author abhors the Communists and has a firm faith that their rule will be replaced by a Christian Empire transcending politics and class antagonism. It is to be "a synthesis of ideals and therefore a solvent of materialism."

* * * *

Don Agustin Edwards has played a distinguished part in Chilean politics, and has represented his country very ably, both as Minister at various capitals and as delegate at Geneva, where he has presided over the Assembly of the League. Clearly, then, he is well qualified to write about Chile, and his imposing and attractive volume, *My Native Land*, fulfils expectations (Benn, 28s.). Chile, hemmed in between the Andes and the ocean, and broken up by lower ranges as well as by forests and deserts, is an extremely picturesque country, but all the more difficult to develop. Señor Edwards does justice to the scenery, and to the hardy and resolute people who have made the Republic prosperous. As he describes each province in turn, from Tacna down to Magellanes and Tierra del Fuego, he digresses to note the historical events which each important place recalls, and he does not forget the commercial adventures beside the battles. He describes Juan Fernandez and Easter Island, and gives several chapters to Chilean literature. Don Agustin has made Chile seem real to at least one reader, both by his text and by the many clever drawings which he gives.

Report on the Last Competition

If we had not suspected beforehand that English seaside resorts all look and sound very much alike at midday on August Bank Holiday, the result of the competition for the best description in verse of one of them would have convinced us of their similarity. Fifty per cent. of the entries, for example, contain references to the practical impossibility of reaching the sea except over the prostrate forms of fellow-excursionists; the same words occur over and over again, often with the same rhymes, while only about a tenth of the competitors neglect to mention charabancs. This does not so much mean that our readers lack ingenuity as that the English seaside resort lacks variety, but it must be admitted that the task of judging has not been an inspiring one.

We like the simplicity of the verses beginning:

> A light brown sea, fringed by a cheerful horde
> Of artless roysterers freed from wheels or loom;
> Bent on extracting from the crowded hours
> The right to say with zest: "Ah'm glad Ah've coom,"

as a description of a Blackpool holiday, but the poem does not quite fulfil its initial promise. There are one or two aloof or bitter verses which are also "good in parts":

> If ghosts at midday chance to walk,
> Those knights without *reproche* or *peur*,
> Methinks they'd sigh, and softly quote—
> "Well, *autres temps*, then *autres moeurs*."

but it must be remembered that we asked for a description of the seaside resort, not a condemnation of it. We quote two entries *in toto*, the first of which, by Canon Swain, seems to capture the spirit of a popular seaside holiday in the first line—those "large hilarious bands"; who does not know them?—and to hold it throughout, good-humouredly and in unexceptionable verse; to him therefore we award the prize.

Transported here by rail and road, in large hilarious bands,
The holiday-excursionists are strewn about the sands;
And one may now detect a growing consciousness of hunger
In the way they eye their handbags, more especially the younger.
The stroke of noon gives, none too soon, the signal for refection,
And viands, in a twinkling, are in process of dissection.
Their usual sequence goes for nought; order submits to haste;
The precious hours of holiday are far too few to waste
Though "Dad" makes hollows in the sand, preparing for a snooze,
"Mam," even here the labourer, takes off the children's shoes.
Those who have reached the higher 'teens seek the amusement park
Their notion of enjoyment having passed the paddling-mark.
How good it is to see so many, shaking off their cares,
Enjoying one another's ways, in bunches or in pairs!
If here and there it jars, yet one beholds with admiration
Such spirit and such industry bestowed on relaxation.

A. Swain.

The Precincts, Peterborough.

Mr. Smith's contribution is an excellent snapshot:

> Yellow sand and blue skies,
> All the city's trippers,
> Rattling roundabouts and shies,
> Democratic dippers;
> Swarms of kids in sandy holes,
> Others donkey straddling,
> Peepers under parasols,
> Prudent elders paddling;
> Pierrots on the promenade,
> Hawkers out to hocus,
> Nymphs in latest fashion fad,
> Cameras in focus;
> Thus high holiday they hold,
> Till noon cuts the capers;
> Up in the blue, and over the gold
> Sweep the sandwich papers!

J. M. Smith.

Barry Schoolhouse, Carnoustie, Angus.

A New Competition

At some time or another everybody has lost something which they value and found it again, sometimes in an odd and interesting way. The Editor offers a prize of three guineas for the best "Lost and Found Story" written on a postcard. There is no need for the story to be true, but we believe it would not be easy to invent a story of the kind to compare in interest with the best true instances. The competition will close on Friday, September 21st.

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ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

CONCERNING THE FREE-LANCE

By EDWARD ANTON

THE recent discussions in THE SPECTATOR concerning the success of Sir Max Pemberton's School of Journalism have resulted in so many queries from readers that I have been asked to deal with them in a brief article.

I must confess that I feel glad to observe that so many aspirants for journalistic honours have the intention of free-lancing, in the first instance at all events. I am glad for two reasons: First, because no young man should commit himself wholly to journalism as his sole career unless he has very strong convictions indeed that he is a "born journalist," or has a private income to enable him to "tide over" unsuccessful times.

Second: I am glad because the "free-lance" is under no temptation to subordinate quality to quantity. He is free to pursue an artistic ideal. He is not compelled to produce; he produces only when he is in the right mood; and that means a great deal to the quality of his work.

In this opinion it is gratifying to find myself confirmed by no less an authority than Sir Max Pemberton himself. "Unless I see that an applicant has a real *flair* for journalism," he says, "I recommend him to 'free-lance' at first. It is far better, because it gives him a chance to flesh his sword before he engages in the contest for fame and rewards. If he succeeds as a free-lance, he can then abandon other pursuits and devote himself entirely to the profession with confidence."

Some of our greatest journalists have begun their careers in this fashion. The late George R. Sims, for example, had no greater ambition at first than to earn odd guineas by writing in his leisure hours. I have a fancy that H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, and Rudyard Kipling all began in the same way—"free-lancing" in their spare time. Their success as free-lances made their subsequent success as out-and-out journalists a foregone conclusion.

I know of no more entrancing spare-time hobby than that of occasional journalism or story-writing. It never palls, because it is first and foremost—a hobby. You can indulge yourself in it when you are in the mood; you can leave it alone when you are disinclined.

The free-lance does not work like a machine; he is not controlled by the inexorable will-power of an editor. There is, in free-lance work, a mental freedom that is not to be attained in any other profession.

The unattached contributor who is able to give editors what they want may organize his time just as it pleases him best.

I know a man who is writing three short articles each week. Two of these articles are for good provincial newspapers—the other for London. Sometimes my friend writes these three short articles before breakfast. Sometimes he writes them in the afternoon—or, occasionally, late at night. However, the point is that it seldom takes more than three-quarters of an hour to write any one of them. This man is earning nearly four hundred pounds a year.

Literary work has never been more than a side-issue with me, but I have frequently made as much in that way as would represent quite a decent income of itself. Indeed, there have been years when my "spare-time hobby" has brought me in twice as much as my regular vocation (which is prosaically commercial).

There are so many unexplored regions in our normal everyday life; so many facets of human existence that remain unilluminated; so many interesting little odds and ends that are waiting to be exploited by the quick brains of skilful free-lance journalists.

Consider the insistent demand that exists to-day for bright little articles that deal with items of news or with generally interesting topics; hundreds of such articles are published each week in London alone, while in the Provinces the demand is no less great.

Very few beginners seem to realize the immensity and complexity of our modern Press, and I have astonished a great number of young writers by pointing out how real are their chances, both in London and the Provinces.

The Free-Lance Course which the London School of Journalism offers (under Sir Max Pemberton's personal direction) represents, to my mind, the ideal training for the unattached journalist.

That is my firm opinion. Add to this the fact that the Lessons comprising the Course are the work of some of our leading writers, such as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the late Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, and Mr. Pett Ridge, and I think the School needs no further commendation.

With such as these for instructors, it is no wonder that writers trained by the London School of Journalism are scoring successes all along the line; their work welcomed by the foremost newspapers and journals of the day. I fancy (from my own experience) that these fortunate young writers would have had to wait much longer for their success had they not enjoyed the benefit of Sir Max Pemberton's guidance and advice.

So many of my correspondents ask the question, "Can I write saleable articles without instruction?" that I emphasize the point. There is not one man in a thousand clever enough to produce right away the stuff for which editors will pay. Why should it be supposed that such a highly-developed art as that of writing for the Press can be practised by the novice without instruction? The delusion is hard to kill, and it has cost some promising writers many years of failure and disappointment. Even the diamond needs shaping and polishing before its intrinsic beauties are made apparent.

For that reason, and because every journalist I have known agrees with me, I say emphatically, if you wish to be a journalist—if you wish to discipline your abilities and gifts to a practical end—if you wish to avoid disheartening failure and disappointment—*train for* your profession.

Learn the technique of your profession. For technique there is and must be, despite the glamour and romance which surrounds it. The idea that a journalist, or an actor, or an artist is born "ready-made" must be cast out of your mind before you are likely to taste the sweets of success in the realms of printer's ink.

As to what has to be studied and acquired in order to ensure a good beginning even as a free-lance, that is a question involving much that is better dealt with in the excellent prospectus issued by the London School of Journalism. Let any interested reader of THE SPECTATOR get this publication (by writing to Sir Max Pemberton), and he will speedily be in possession of the desired information upon this and a variety of other points.

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In addition to the above, students enrolling now will be eligible for the annual *Daily Mirror* £50 prize competition, which takes place in the early part of next year. This prize is also confined to new students of the School.

Sir Max Pemberton is always willing to advise would-be students as to the particular course of study in which they should engage, and will be helped in his judgment if the applicant can forward some short manuscript upon which an opinion can be based.

A Prospectus of the School will be forwarded post free on application to:—

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Motors and Motoring

The Modern Motor Car—IV.—Some Special Features

A NUMBER of special features of the modern motor car which will be found to be included in many up-to-date specifications have been alluded to with simple explanations in three previous articles under the above heading. To-day it is intended to deal with one or two connected more with the body than with the chassis. First, as to upholstery. Seating in general has been improved during the last year or two, but in the main it has not made as much progress as other parts of the coach-work, and more especially of the chassis. That this is a fact is easily proved by anyone who sits in an ordinary up-to-date car and then in one of the old-stagers. Some advance has been made, however, in the upholstery in the saloon type of body, and especially in that pattern so much favoured in Europe and known as the Weymann. One or two firms who market the more expensive kind of car provide loose down cushions, and these are extremely comfortable, but in my opinion there is no form of upholstery which is comparable in individual comfort with the pneumatic type. Correspondents who have inquired about it are at first apt to view it with suspicion, because they imagine that it may prove unreliable and be uncomfortable through instability. I have had considerable experience of it not only on my own cars but in various forms on a number of different makes which I have tested from time to time. I have never had any trouble from leakage of air—in fact, I have used pneumatic cushions without the necessity for a moment's attention for periods of two years at a time. If this upholstery gives a rolling feel to a driver or passenger it means that it is not properly designed or correctly inflated, and this applies both to squabs and to seats. The outstanding advantage is that it automatically fits individual shapes and the pressure is naturally where it is most wanted. The seats can, moreover, be pumped to the requirements of the individual. With the price of rubber very much reduced compared to what it was a year or two ago, it is to be hoped that this form of upholstery will be more widely used. One or two firms like Singer and Lagonda have standardized it now for some considerable time. Where a car is not so fitted it is well worth the extra initial expense to have pneumatic upholstery.

* * * *

Interior heating of cars is a matter which has been badly neglected, for there is no reason why one should travel in a cold and uncomfortable state in a car any more than in a railway carriage. Real luxury in a room is to have a large fire and the windows open, and in a car, whether open or closed, it is most pleasant to be well wrapped up and warm and yet have the fullest amount of fresh air. The hot-water bottle—a relic of carriage days—has so many obvious drawbacks and is so local in its effect that it is not worthy to-day of serious consideration. Three or four years ago the Americans started fitting interior heaters to closed cars, and although they were not always well designed the idea was progressive. The heat of the exhaust gases was used for the purpose. Even to-day I cannot call to mind one British motor-car firm which supplies as standard any form of interior heater, and this is the more surprising with the rapid growth in popularity of the closed car in England. Many of the American heaters worked poorly, and for this reason, no doubt, motorists were put off in their demand for interior heating. I know that on several trans-atlantic cars so fitted which I tried it was not possible to modulate the temperature properly; fumes would occasionally be present, while often the heat could not be completely turned off. Again, a point which might frighten the more technical motorist is back pressure, for if this is set up the engine will lose power. It is possible now, however, to get heaters here which are reliable in every way. They fit flush with the floorboard, exhaust smell cannot arise from them, they cannot overheat or burn the soles of one's boots or rug, they can be regulated, they can be completely shut off, they do not set up back pressure in the engine—in fact, they form an additional expansion box or silencer. They are easily controllable from the instrument board or from the side of a seat, and they cost nothing to run. I have had one on a car for over two years, and while it has never been touched it has always performed its duties well.

* * * *

The finish of coachwork can now be put under three heads—namely, varnish, fabric, and cellulose or "hard" finish. The last has come from America and there are many advantages with it. In order to produce in big quantities American body designers evolved the all-metal pattern of coachwork, and this form is particularly suitable to take cellulose paint. The fabric-covered body originated in its flexible form on the Continent, but with the great improvement which has been made in the lines and appearance of the flexible saloon body it has gained popularity in England. The varnish finish is a relic of the days of horse-drawn vehicles, and for general motoring has served its turn but is not now really practical. To-day, with the great majority of cars owner-driven and more or less owner-looked-after, such finish involves too much labour and care. For what one may call the luxury car, by which I mean the large and initially expensive machine, especially of the closed type, varnish finish is still supreme in England and not without reason. The progress made in cellulose finish has been rapid during the last year or so, but for smartness and for the best exhibition of the highest art of the coachbuilder there is in my mind no finish like the varnish one. For owners of the more humble classes of car, however, where fabric is not used as a covering, cellulose finish is entirely suitable. The paint requires to be sprayed on with knowledge and skill, and its durability is largely dependent upon the design of the coachwork, because beading and places where relative movement can take place naturally tend to cause cracking. Given, however, the proper conditions, this finish will actually improve with use. Many people were originally put off cellulose-painted bodies, because those who were interested exaggerated the claims and went so far as to say that a car so finished was unscratchable. I never found this to be the case, and if it was it would mean that the paint work was too hard. Cellulose will not, however, spot if water is left on it as will a varnished paint, and it can be washed and rubbed with comparative carelessness. It is both labour-saving and economical in maintenance, and these two advantages are in conformity with modern motoring requirements. Motoring is rapidly becoming measurable in terms of comfort, and comfort is the sum of many small conveniences. The appeal of the car becomes wider and wider, and the simpler machines are made to drive and to look after the bigger will become the movement. When the American found that he was approaching saturation point in his own country he founded the two-car-per-family policy. It has worked well, and to-day more than 2,700,000 American families possess more than one car. It is a noticeable fact that here the idea is spreading, and in many families the woman has her own machine. Thus the interest expands. It is because of this increase in owner-drivership that in these articles on the modern motor car I have touched upon one or two points which perhaps concern the motorist more than the man who always employs a professional driver.

YOUR MOTORING CORRESPONDENT.

General Knowledge Questions

OUR weekly prize of one guinea for the best thirteen Questions submitted is awarded this week to Miss E. F. Chawner and Miss V. N. Solly, Thatched Holme, Wargrave, Berks, for the following:—

Questions on "Last Words," Fact and Fiction

Who said?

1. "Lord, I am coming as quickly as I can."
2. "My head, my head."
3. "On, Stanley! On!"
4. "Its a Boo——"
5. "Odious! in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke."
6. "Die, die, die, die, die!"
7. "I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies."
8. "Remember."
9. "Not guilty, my Lord."
10. "Adsum."
11. "More light."
12. "Tête d'Armée."

Answers will be found on page 280.

Finance—Public and Private

"The Snare of the Stock Exchange"

Among the wills recently published in the newspapers was one which attracted attention by the fact that the testator used the opportunity to make a protest in two directions, one of them being concerned with the exactions of the tax gatherer and the other with the alleged dangers of the Stock Exchange. "I earnestly entreat my sons," said the testator at the close of his will, "to keep united and loyal to each other and in investments to avoid the snare of the Stock Exchange."

I fancy that not a few, and certainly all who earn a livelihood in their profession of stockbrokers or stock jobbers may be inclined to resent this apparent imputation upon an honourable profession. Nevertheless there will be many who will not be slow to perceive the real drift of the warning and will recognize that the reference is not to what may be termed the legitimate activities of the Stock Exchange but to the excessive use by an uninstructed public of the facilities which it offers for speculation as well as for investment operations.

Fortunes for the Few.

For, in the main, the warning of this particular testator is by no means to be disregarded, and if a record had been kept, say, over the last fifty years, I have little doubt that it would be found that while speculative operations on the Stock Exchange have brought fortunes to a few individuals, the great mass of the public has been made poorer rather than richer by those operations. It will be noted that I have made the challenge extend over a considerable period of years, the reason for which will be apparent from some subsequent comments.

Speculative Tendencies.

At the present moment, both here and in the United States, the public may be said to be taking a very active share in both speculative and investment operations, and one sign of this is to be found in the amount of space devoted by almost every daily journal to investment or market notes, obviously written for those who are following with more than customary attention the fluctuations in Stock Exchange prices. So far as New York is concerned it may be said that these speculative operations are stimulated by the same system and facilities which prevailed previous to the War, but in this country some check must almost necessarily have been imposed by the more restricted contango facilities at the fortnightly settlements, so that for the most part the public has to provide either out of his or her resources, or out of money borrowed from a bank, the necessary amount for taking up the shares acquired. Moreover, as a consequence of the sounder technical position of markets resulting from a restriction of contango facilities, the markets have been less vulnerable to "Bear" attacks.

Indeed, speaking generally, it is quite probable that for the past few years the public has gained rather than lost by its purchases of Stock Exchange securities both of investment and speculative descriptions, though an exception is undoubtedly furnished in the case of rubber shares, where the fortunes have fallen to the few who were well informed and bought early in the boom, the general public, as is usually the case, having been assigned what in vulgar parlance is generally known as the position of "holding the baby."

Cycles of Price Movements.

Undoubtedly, however, one explanation of the long series of gains in public securities is to be found in the simple fact that following upon the Great War every security throughout the Official List, from A to Z, experienced a wholesale and phenomenal slump. This is a phenomenon which occurs from time to time in Stock Exchange history, a previous occasion having been the prolonged and general fall which followed the financial crisis of 1890. On such occasions when the general turn in the tide at last comes, it is probable that sooner or later the recovery will be of a very general nature, usually commencing with high-class investment securities and terminating in some outburst of activity in the speculative descriptions. Such a period, however, usually covers quite a number of years, and unless interrupted by some great force, the task of the investor is an easy one. At the outset a good many shares can be picked out of the basket almost with the eyes blindfolded, and then as the process of recovery extends the task of selection, of course, gradually becomes more difficult, until the apex is reached and caution has to characterize every purchase. He is a wise investor who, refusing to take his tips in wholesale fashion either from well-meaning friends or well-meaning journals, prefers to study these market tendencies and is prepared on occasions to let his resources accumulate until a favourable moment arrives.

The Present Cycle.

At the present time we are clearly going through one of these stages of recovery after depression, and that is why, as I said in an earlier paragraph, the assertion that the general public usually loses on balance in speculative operations on the Stock Exchange must be applied over a considerable period, for it would be quite possible to demonstrate that over a short period the gains are often far more numerous and extensive than the losses. Speaking generally of the period through which we are now passing, it may be said that the recovery in securities, which commenced with British Funds about 1920 and has since extended to so many other departments of the Stock Exchange, has only been held in check, so far as high-class investment stocks are concerned, by the fact that the comparatively firm money rates, combined with heavy taxation and high costs of living, have made the investor at present unprepared to accept a lower yield than about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. even on the best class of security. Given a reliable indication of a material easing of the value of loanable capital, and the moment will be ripe for a further upward movement in gilt-edged securities which would have its repercussions upon other sections of the markets. Unfortunately, not having the gift of propheey, I am not prepared to affirm, with any confidence, that such a decline in money rates will occur, though, in passing, I might, perhaps, draw attention to the fact that for some time past monetary authorities here and in the United States seem to have been concerned in restraining a natural tendency of rates in the downward direction, a circumstance which is rather suggestive of such a decline ultimately taking place. On the whole, however, the general tendency of Stock Exchange prices has been sufficiently uniformly favourable in recent years to make the task of selection reasonably easy, and to have given to the investing and speculative public a decided taste for the occupation of seeking to add to their resources by acquiring securities likely to advance in value.

The "Snare."

It is, however, I think, just here that the warning of our friend, the testator, may well be taken to heart by many of the amateur speculators on the Stock Exchange. By some law which may be difficult to explain or comprehend, it seems to be fated that those who are driven to Monte Carlo, either by gambling fever or by urgent needs occasioning an intense desire for ready cash, should lose heavily, while those to whom gain or loss is a matter of some indifference, "break the bank." In the case of Stock Exchange transactions, while the same results often attend the two different classes of individuals, it is a good deal easier to discover the cause. The man who is glued to the tables at Monte Carlo is usually destined to ultimate loss, and those members of the public who cannot leave Stock Exchange operations alone for a single day or a single week are likely to share the same fate. It is sometimes said that the difficulty with the speculative public is to induce the speculator to take a profit. I think, however, that the matter goes farther than that, because, even when the profit is taken, the speculator often cannot be induced to invest the profit in a gilt-edged stock, or to let it lie on deposit possibly for weeks or months, awaiting another suitable opportunity for acquiring a stock that is undoubtedly at a low level. The imagination has

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been so fired by the profits secured in one direction that there is eagerness within a few days to go on venturing in other directions, until the final loss only too frequently exceeds all previous profits, in addition to which there has been infinite strain and fret to the individual. This, I think, is the "snare" to which the testator refers, and the most experienced members of the Stock Exchange will be the first to endorse the warning.

RATIONAL METHODS.

A really careful and intelligent study of market tendencies, which are affected not only by great cataclysms, such as those I have referred to, but by great influences favourably or adversely affecting particular industries, constitutes a really interesting mental exercise for the individual, and one which will not beget the feverish desires excited by the mere blind tips to buy this, that or the other "for a quick rise." The pastime may be less exciting than the getting in and out of speculative favourites within a brief period, but it will ultimately, I think, be found more satisfying not only to the mind but to the pocket. The Stock Exchange is an excellent institution, but it was made for man and not man for the Stock Exchange. ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

Market Notes

FIRM MARKETS.

FAIRLY active conditions for the month of August continue to characterize the Stock Markets, and most of the price movements during the month have been in the upward direction. So far as the more speculative issues are concerned the impetus may be said to have come in part from New York, where in place of the apprehended rise in the New York Bank Rate has come an easing of money rates and a fresh rally in Wall Street. In this market, too, the fact that we are entering the autumn without any serious encroachment on our gold reserves has tended to strengthen high-class investment stocks which have also been helped by the pause in new loan flotations and by the fact that heavy Government disbursements on September 1st promise to add somewhat to the volume of money seeking investment. A further good feature of the month has been the rally in home railways occasioned by better traffics and hopes of good results following from the recent extension of travel facilities.

* * *

SINGER'S PROFITS AND BONUS.

Although the cash dividend and bonus of Singer & Co. for the past year of 20 per cent. compares with 25 per cent. for the previous year the reduction is entirely due to the capital having been doubled in the meantime. The actual profits for the year were £171,000 as against £140,000, and the present carry forward is £69,420 as compared with £41,549 a year ago. Moreover, in addition to the cash dividend and bonus, a share bonus is to be distributed of one 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference share for every two Ordinary at present held.

* * * *

BRAZILIAN RAILWAY RATES.

In view of the extent to which shareholders of the Great Western of Brazil Railway have suffered through depreciation in the milreis and certain other developments in Brazil, keen interest will be taken in the fuller information which is promised concerning the revised tariffs which, it is stated, the Federal Government has approved as coming into force shortly. It is known that negotiations have been going on for some time, and it must be hoped that the net result will be some improvement in the company's net revenue. Some years previous to the Great War regular dividends were paid, but shareholders have received nothing on the £10 Preferred Shares since 1915, and nothing has been paid on the Ordinary since 1913, while even on the Debentures there are heavy arrears to be met.

* * * *

CENTRAL BANKS.

For the guidance of those who may be unfamiliar with the precise meaning of the term "Central Banks," it may be useful perhaps to explain that it is the description usually applied to those banks in the different countries which do *not* engage in ordinary competitive banking transactions, or at all events those banks whose chief concern is with the control of currency, the custodianship of the central gold reserve of the country, and the custodianship of the cash reserves of the remaining banks. Usually, too, the term applies to those banks outside State control, though, conceivably, a State bank might fulfil many of the functions of a Central bank. Those, however, who may desire to understand more fully the functions of a Central bank—and it is a very topical subject at the present time—cannot do better than peruse the full text of an address which was delivered on the subject last year before the Victorian Branch of the Economic Society of Australia, by Sir Ernest Harvey, the Comptroller of the Bank of England. This has been reprinted and published by the London General Press, and can be obtained for the price of two shillings.

A. W. K.

Answers to "Last Words," Fact and Fiction, Questions

1. Archbishop Laud on the scaffold at his execution.——2. The Shunamitish woman's son, 2 Kings, ch. iv. v. 19.——3. Marmion, Canto VI., Sir Walter Scott.——4. The Baker, *The Hunting of the Snark*, Lewis Carroll.——5. Narcissa, *Moral Essays*, No. 5, Pope.——6. Pyramus, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare.——7. The Younger Pitt.——8. Charles I. on the scaffold.——9. McIntosh Jellaludin, "To be Filed for Reference," *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Kipling.——10. Colonel Newcome, *The Newcomes*, Thackeray.——11. Goethe.——12. Napoleon I.

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The
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